



SEE your favorite radio hero!!!

and

STRAIGHT ARROW

No. 2

10¢

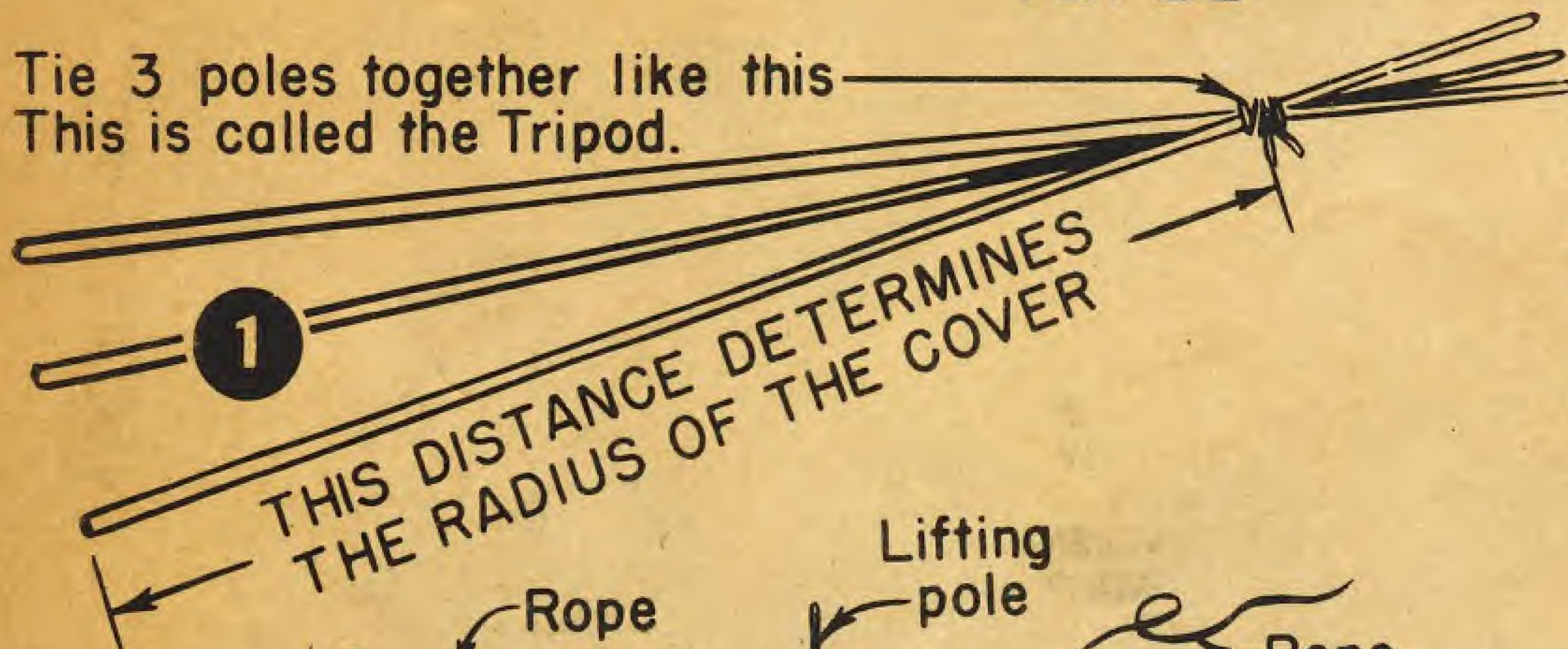




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

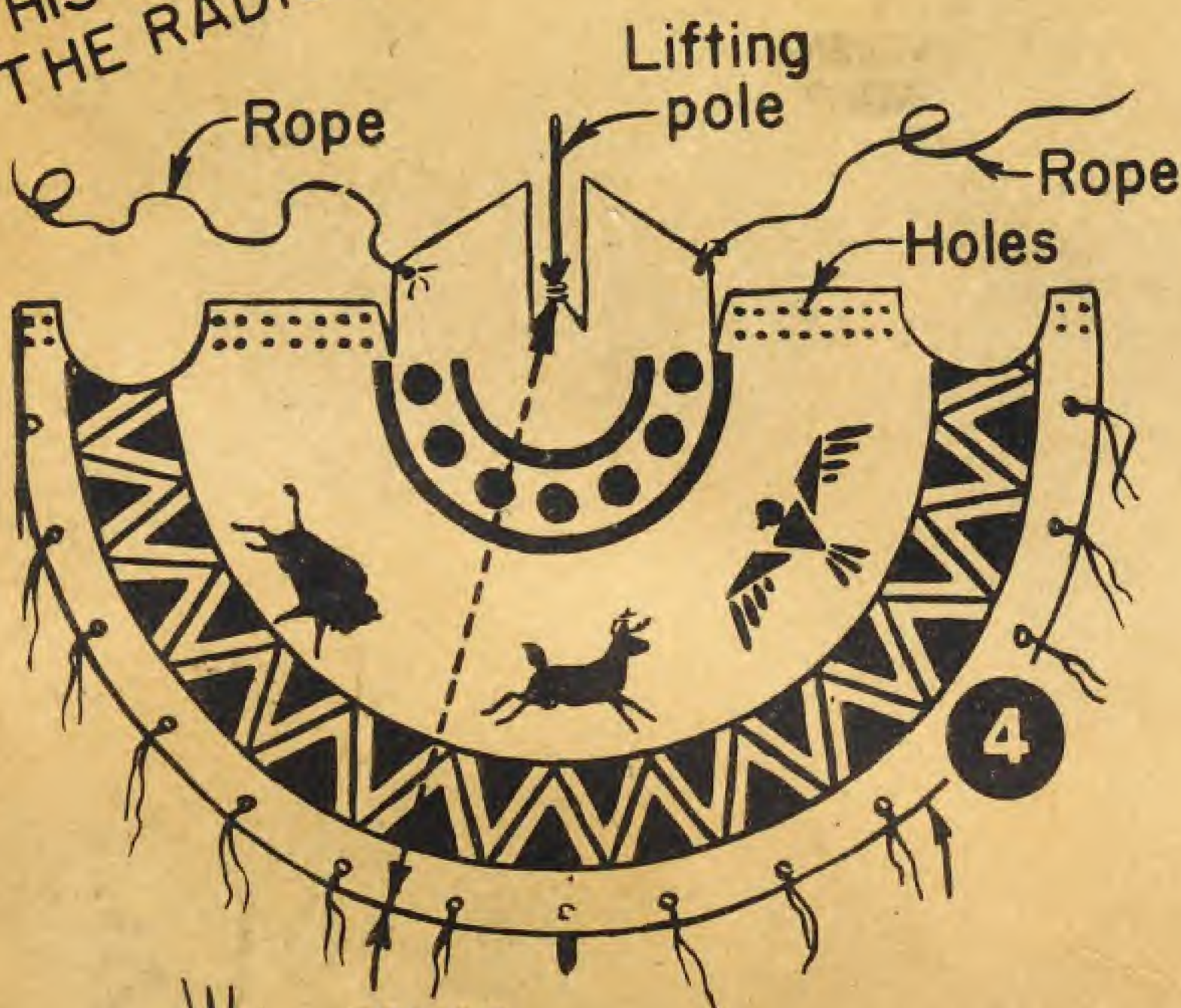
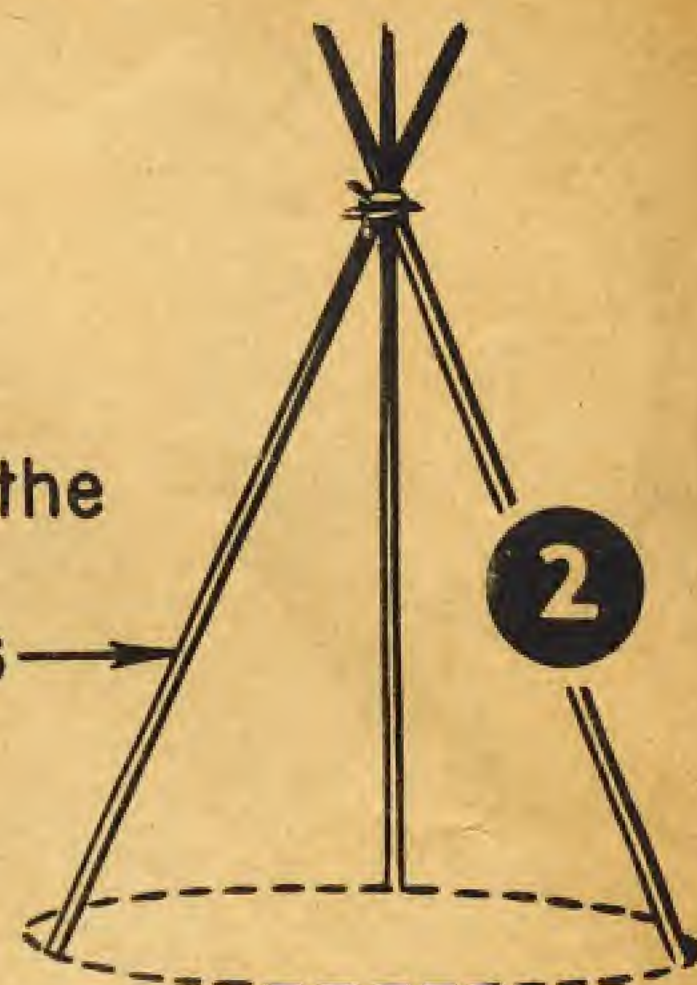
TEPEE

Tie 3 poles together like this
This is called the Tripod.



THIS DISTANCE DETERMINES
THE RADIUS OF THE COVER

Set up the
tripod
like this



Lay
more
poles on
the tri-
pod
like
this



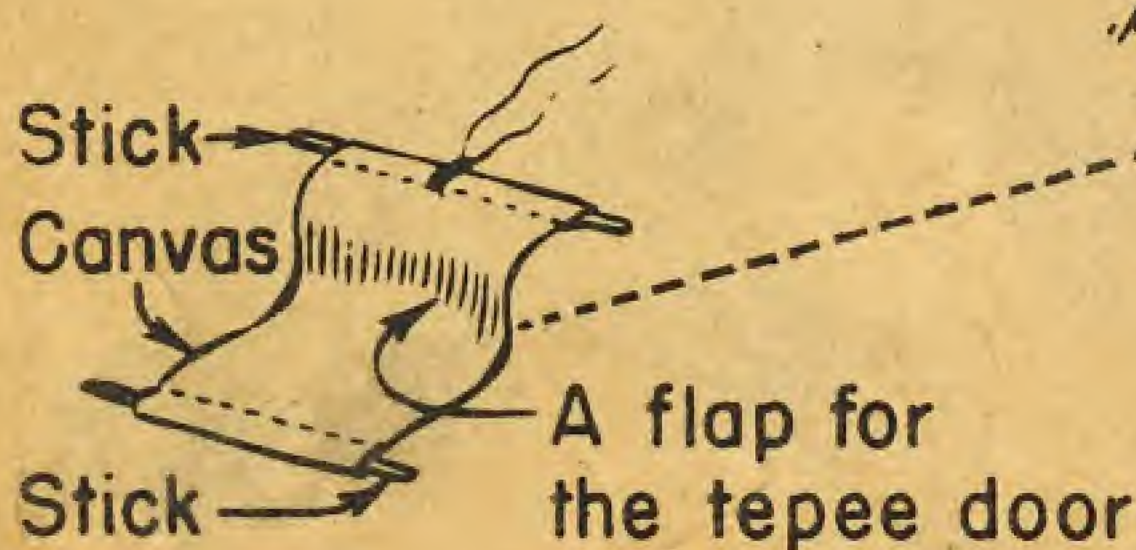
Tepee
cover
made from
canvas or
other
goods.

Wooden pegs are used
to pin the tepee
cover together.



Various
streamers and
Indian
"medicine"
are suspended
from the end
of the poles.

Use semi-
thick oil
paint for
designs.



A flap for
the tepee door

STRAIGHT ARROW

TO MOST PEOPLE, **STRAIGHT ARROW** WAS A MYSTERIOUS BUT MAGNIFICENT HERO FIGHTING THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE. NO ONE, EXCEPT PACKY, KNEW THAT **STRAIGHT ARROW**, IN EVERYDAY LIFE, WAS REALLY **STEVE ADAMS**, THE OWNER OF THE **BROKEN BOW CATTLE SPREAD**. BUT EVERYONE WAS PROUD OF THIS FABULOUS **COMANCHE** ON HIS GREAT **GOLDEN HORSE**, OVERCOMING WHAT SEEMED INSURMOUNTABLE HAZARDS IN—

"THE PERIL OF THE PIONEERS!"



EVERY STREAM IS DRY AS A BONE!

WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TUH DO, STEVE? THIS DROUGHT'S LASTED A SOLID MONTH ALREADY! AIN'T A LICK OF WATER ON THE LAND! TUH CATTLE WILL DIE OF THIRST UNLESS IT RAINS MIGHTY SOON!



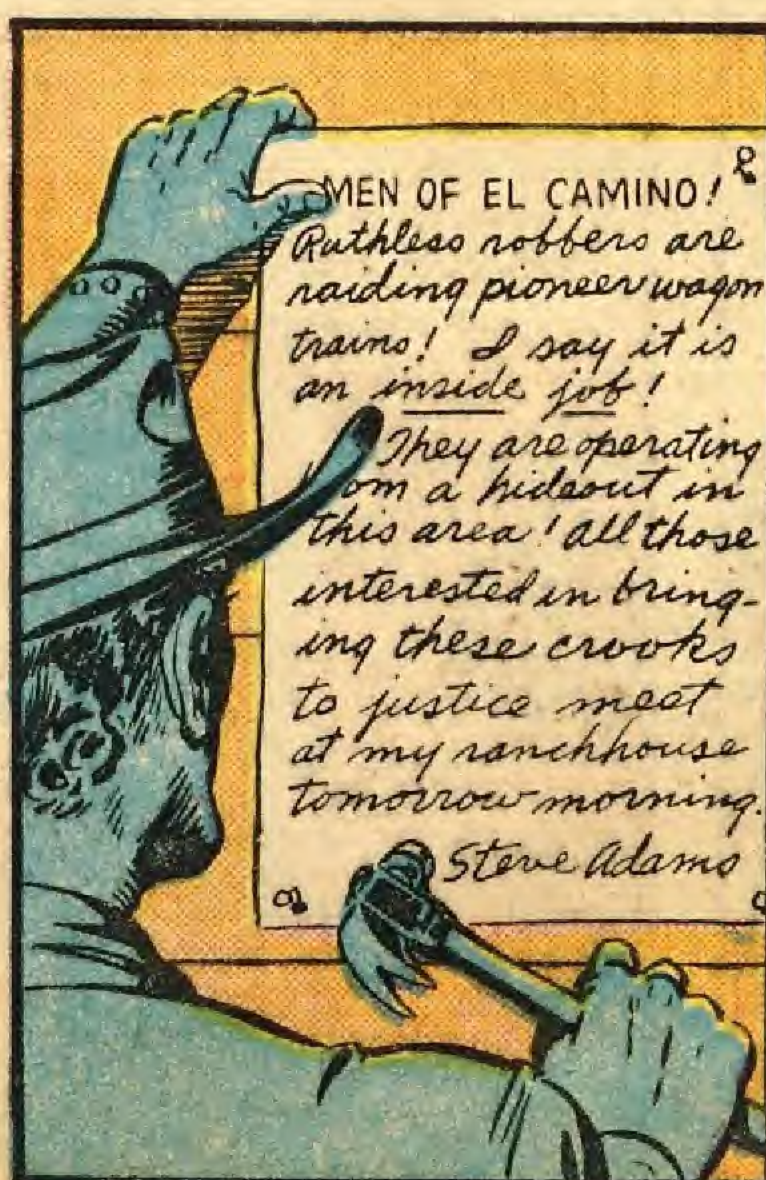
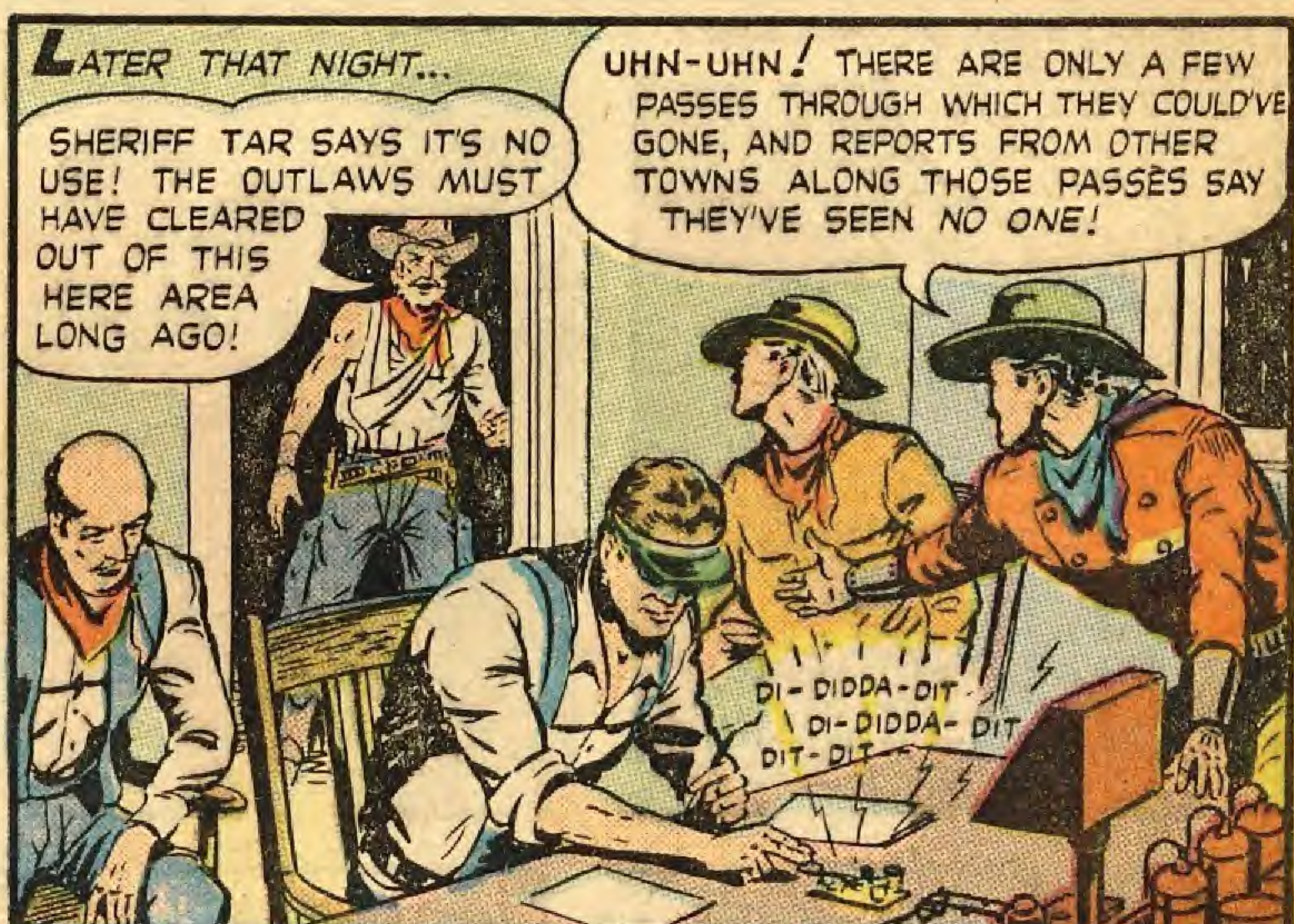
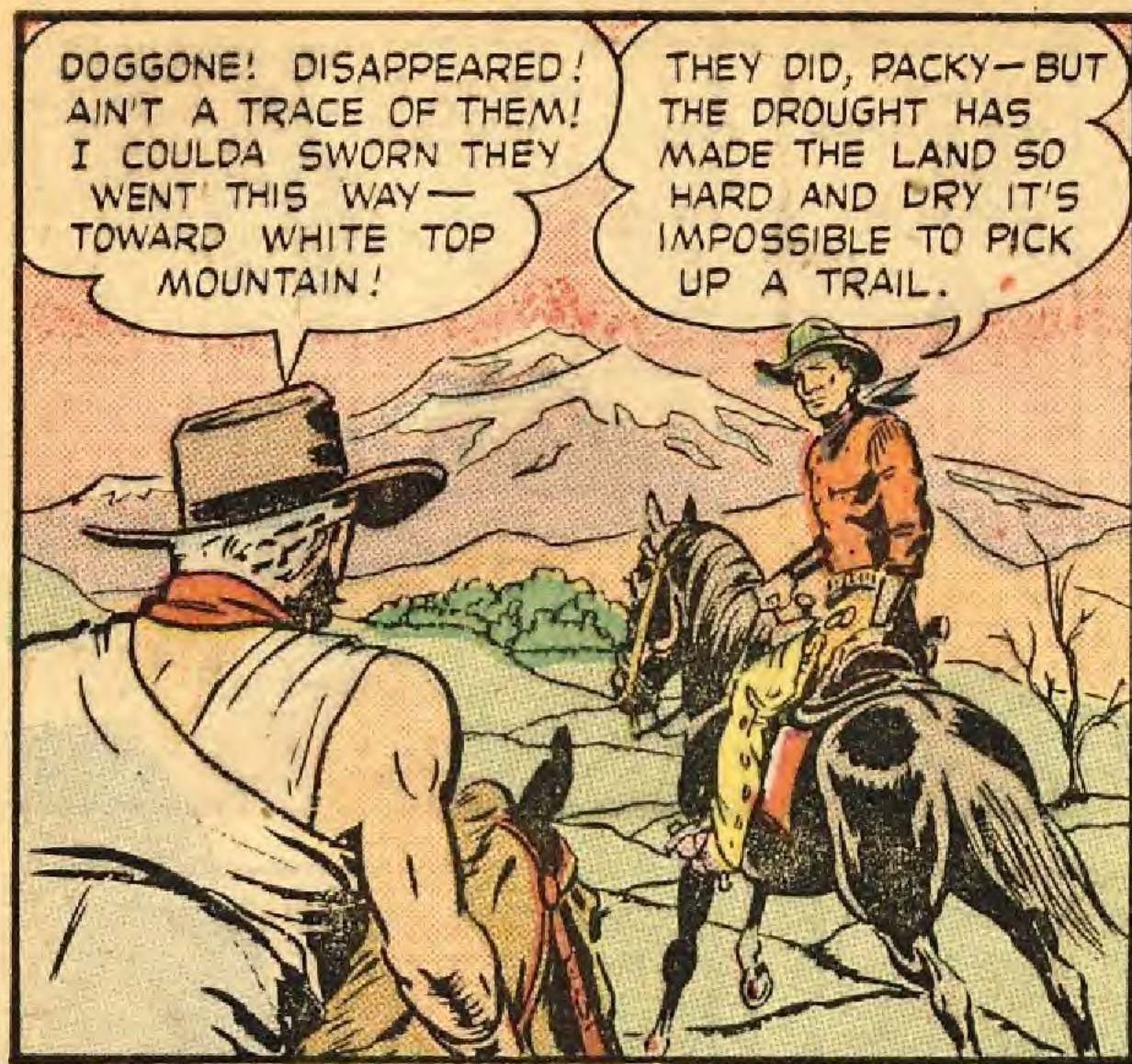
YEE-OW!

HEY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?



LISTEN TO **STRAIGHT ARROW** ON YOUR LOCAL **MUTUAL RADIO STATION**





NEXT MORNING, AT THE BROKEN BOW RANCH-HOUSE, A HOT MEETING IS IN PROGRESS...

WE'RE WITH YUH, ADAMS, ALL THUH WAY!

LET'S SCOUR THUH AREA! WE'LL SMOKE OUT THEM DIRTY CROOKS! SHERIFF TAR AIN'T DOIN' **NUTHIN'** ABOUT IT!

OH-OH! IT'S SHERIFF TAR HISSELF!

STEVE ADAMS, I'M ORDERIN' YUH TUH CALL OFF THIS HERE MEETIN' RIGHT NOW!

WHEN I WANT A POSSE — **I'LL** CALL IT, BY THUNDER! I'M TELLIN' YUH THUH MIND YORE OWN BLASTED BUSINESS AN' LEAVE THE LAW AFFAIRS TUH THE LAW!

IT'S MY OPINION, TAR, THAT THE "LAW" IS TAKING A **HOLIDAY!**

AIN'T NOBODY TALKS TUH **ME** LIKE THET AN' GITS AWAY WITH IT!

GET YOUR HAND OFF THAT GUN, TAR!

SHERIFF TAR, YUH OL' BLISTERIN' HOOT — NOW YUH JIST PUT THET SHOOTIN' IRON BACK IN YORE BELT AN' GIT YOURSELF OUTA HERE RIGHT FAST! WAS YUH BORN IN A BARN OR WHAT?

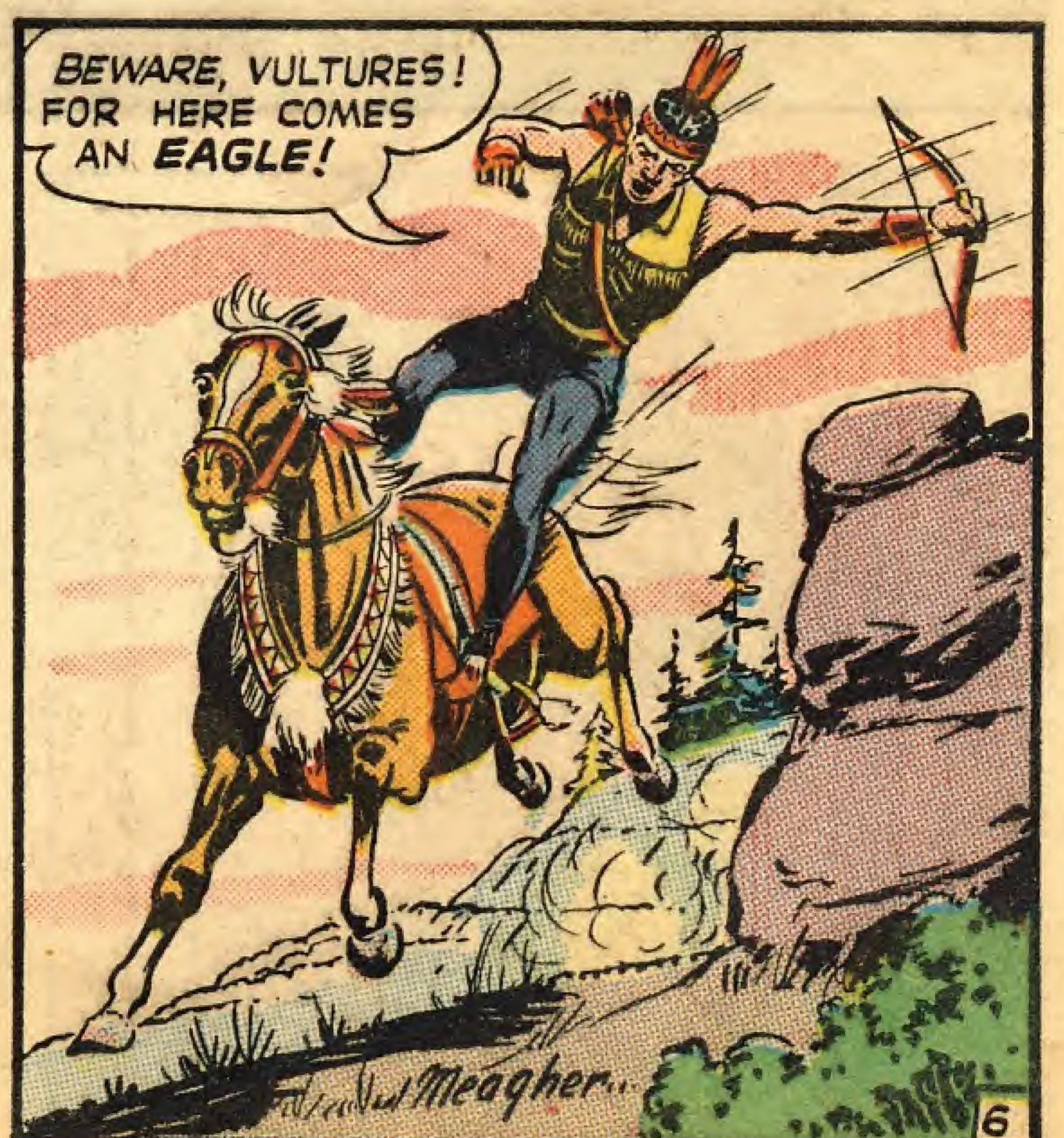
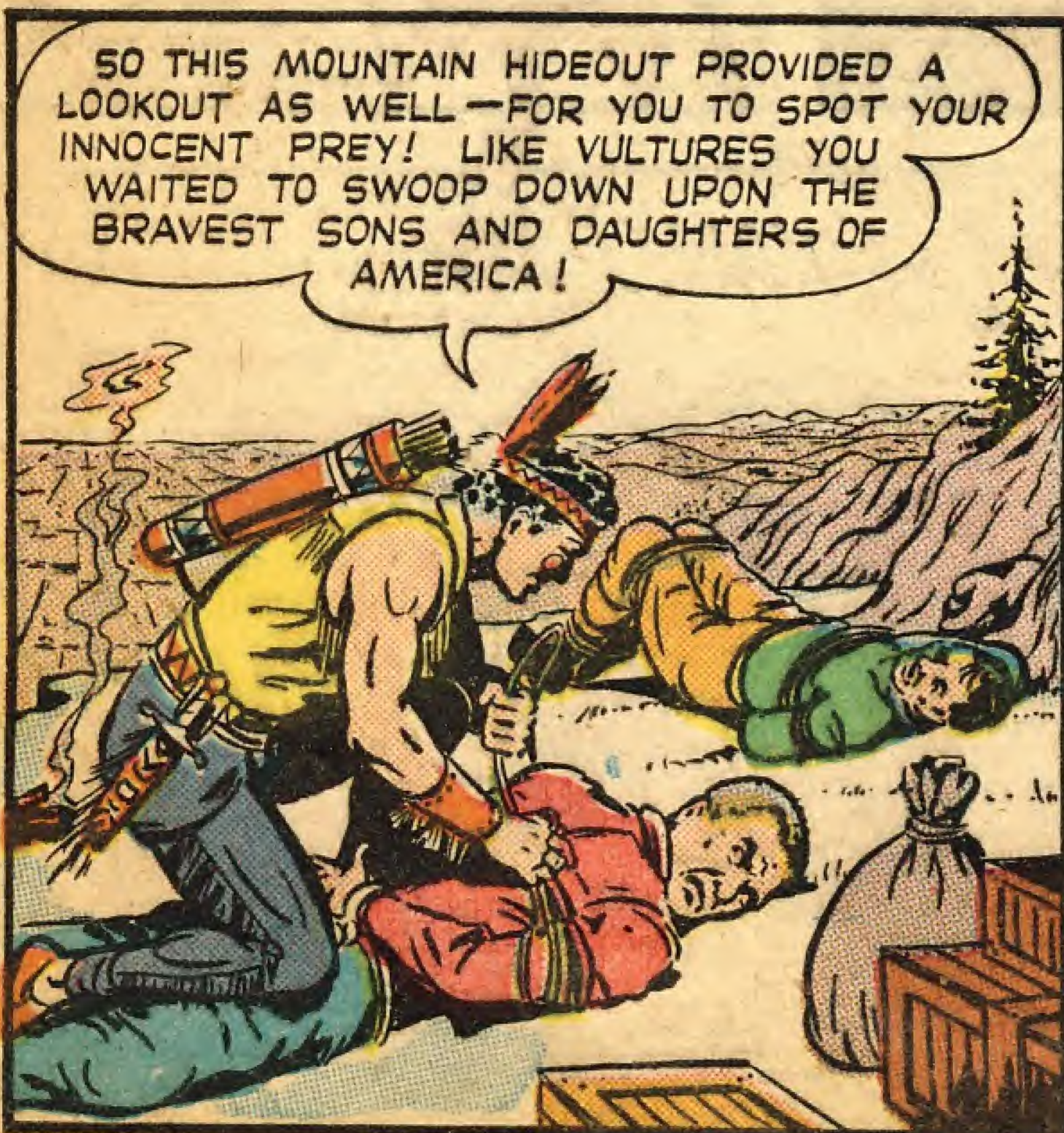
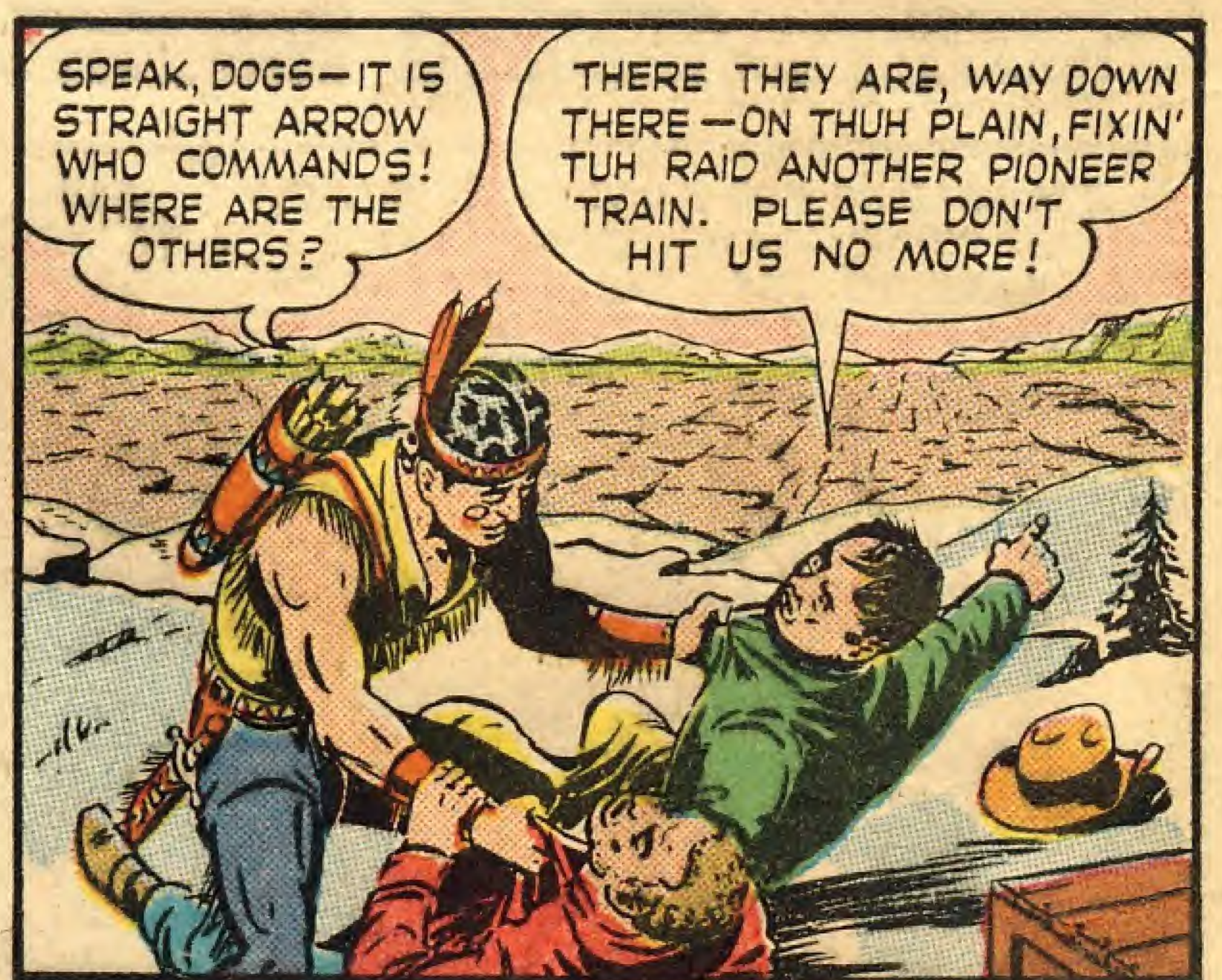
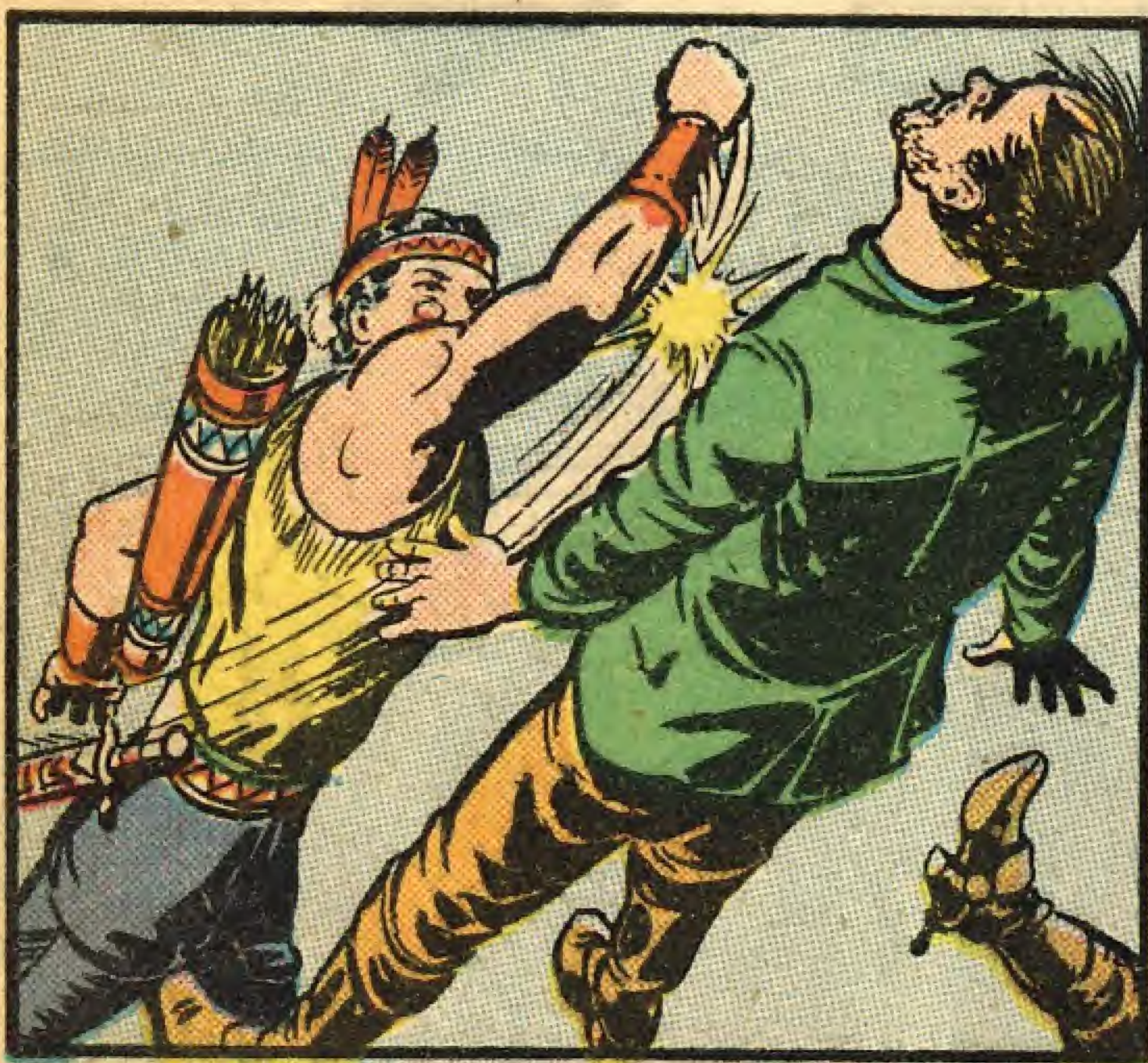
...COMIN' IN HYAR WITH YORE MUDDY WET BOOTS AN' PANTS AN' TRACKIN' UP MY CLEAN FLOORS AN' FURNITURE! NOW **GIT!**

STEVE ADAMS' HOUSEMA'AM, MESQUITE MOLLY, SHORE GOT A TONGUE LIKE A HOT BRAND-IN' IRON!

DURN RIGHT MUH BOOTS IS MUDDY! WHILE YOU RANNIES BEEN HOLDIN' FANCY MEETIN'S I BEEN OUT SEARCHIN' THUH TERRITORY FER THEM CROOKS! BEEN WADIN' THROUGH STREAMS, AN' BEATIN' THROUGH THE BUSH...

AN' THET'S WHAR I'M GOIN' NOW, TUH DO MY JOB! WHEN I NEED YOU BUZZARDS, I'LL CALL FER YUH! I WARN YUH, ADAMS, MIND YER OWN BUSINESS — **OR ELSE!**





STRAIGHT ARROW AND FURY PLUNGE RECKLESSLY DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE...

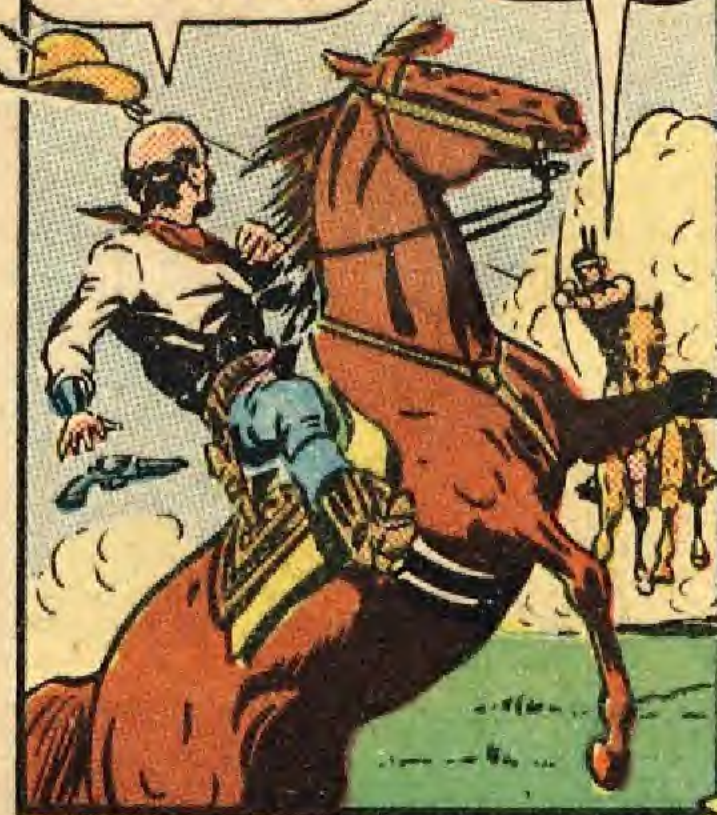
THERE THEY ARE, ATTACKING THE SETTLERS! QUICK, FURY! WE CAN STOP THEM BEFORE THERE IS BLOODSHED!



FLEEING LIKE A SCUDDING GOLDEN CLOUD, FURY CLOSES THE DISTANCE IN A MATTER OF MINUTES!

??--?!
STRAIGHT
ARROW!

KANEE-
WAH!



KANEE-WAH!

CLOSE IN
ON THET
INJUN!
GIT 'IM!



CLOSE IN ON 'IM,
HE SEZ! CAIN'T
EVEN TECH
'IM!

KANEE-
WAH!



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT...

LOOKS LIKE
STRAIGHT ARROW
GOT HERE
AFORE US!

COME ON!

YA-HOO!



-AND ALSO, AT THAT MOMENT...

WELL, THET COOKS MY GOOSE!
I'M GITTIN' OUTA HERE
PRONTO!

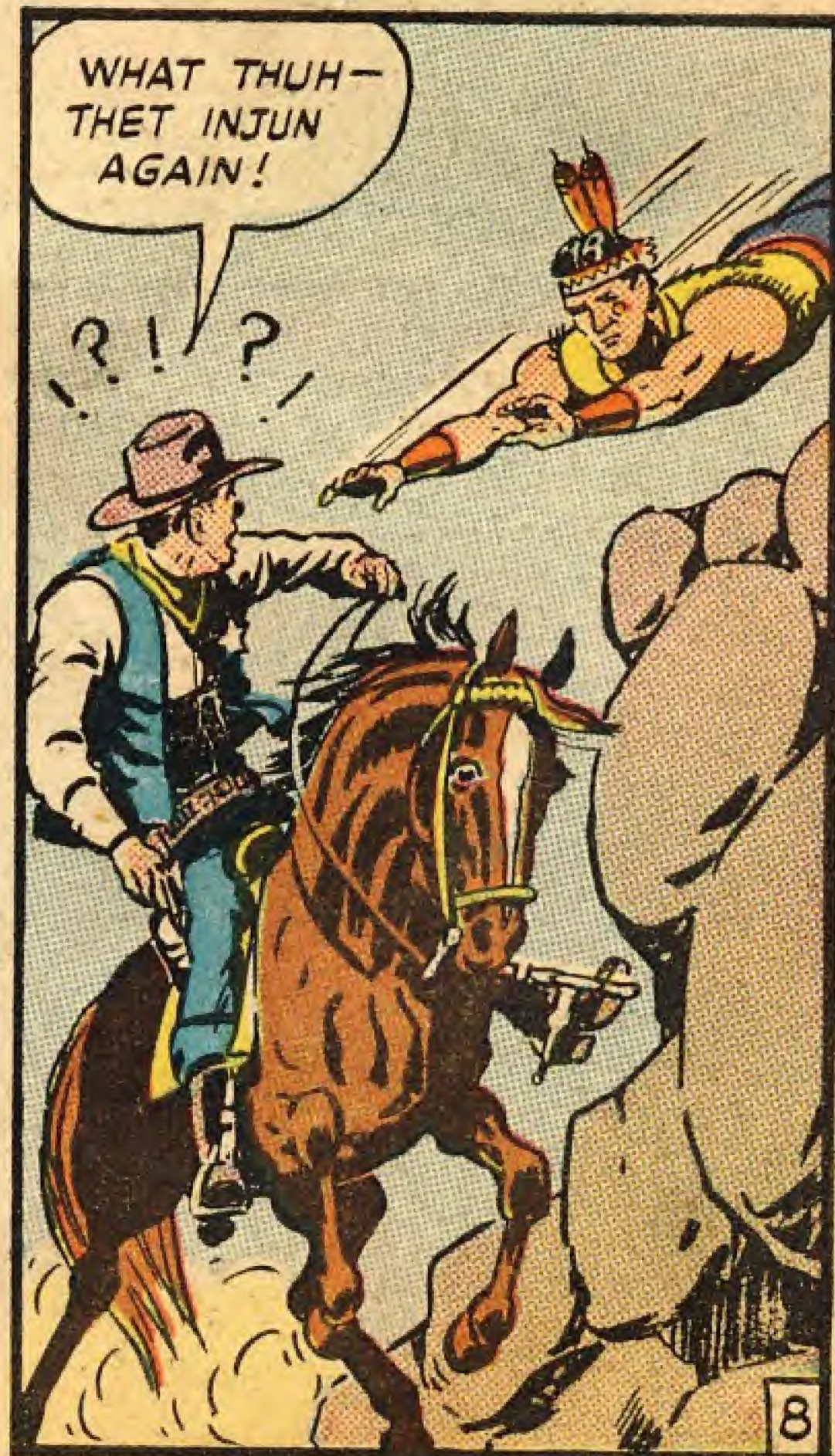
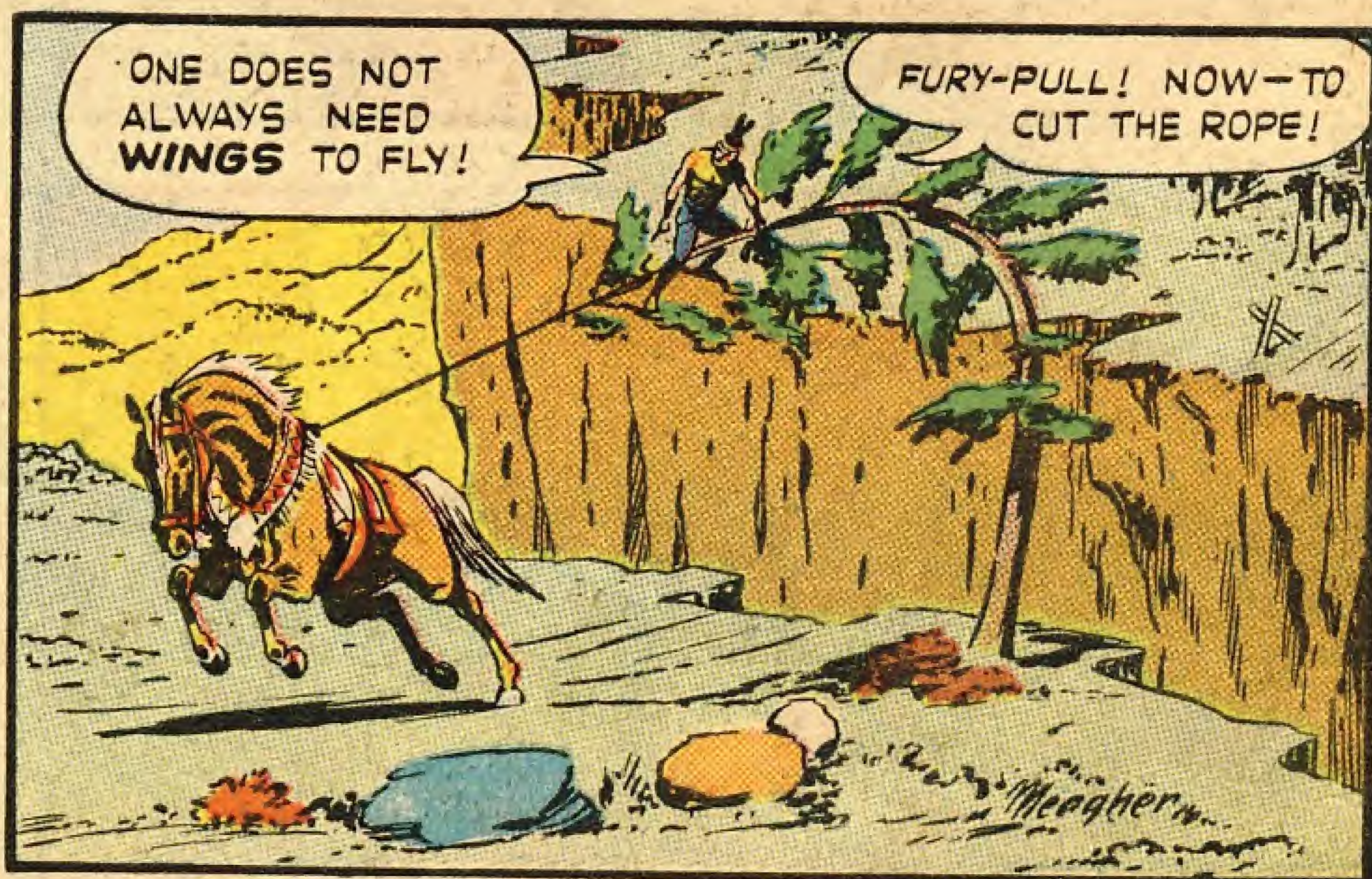
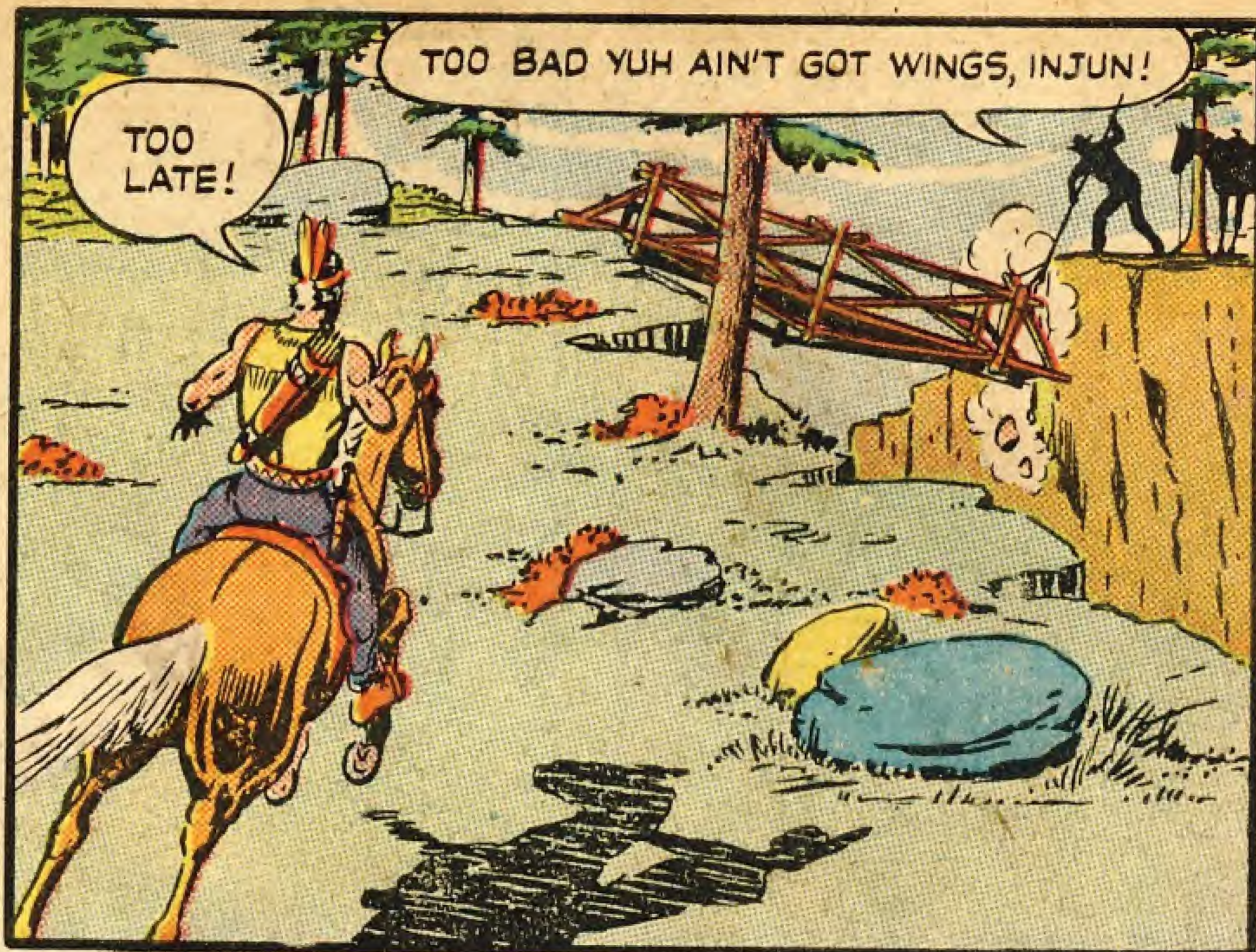


-BUT STRAIGHT ARROW'S FALCON EYE MISSES NOTHING!

THERE'S A PLUME OF DUST
UP THERE - HEADING AWAY
FAST! THAT MUST BE THE
COWARDLY
LEADER OF
THIS GANG!

DURNED IF I KIN SEE IT!
BUT IF YUH SEE IT, STRAIGHT
ARROW - BY TARNATION,
THEN IT'S THAR!







STRAIGHT ARROW

HEEDED THE CALL OF THE COMANCHE BLOOD FLOWING STRONG IN HIS VEINS, THE LEGENDARY STRAIGHT ARROW RIDES ONCE AGAIN! OUT OF THE CAVE OF GOLD CATAPULTS THIS FEARLESS FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE — FIGHTING A TREACHEROUS PLOT AGAINST THE.....

"LAND OF OUR FATHERS!"



TERROR RIDES THE PAINTED PLAINS OUTSIDE EL CAMINO!

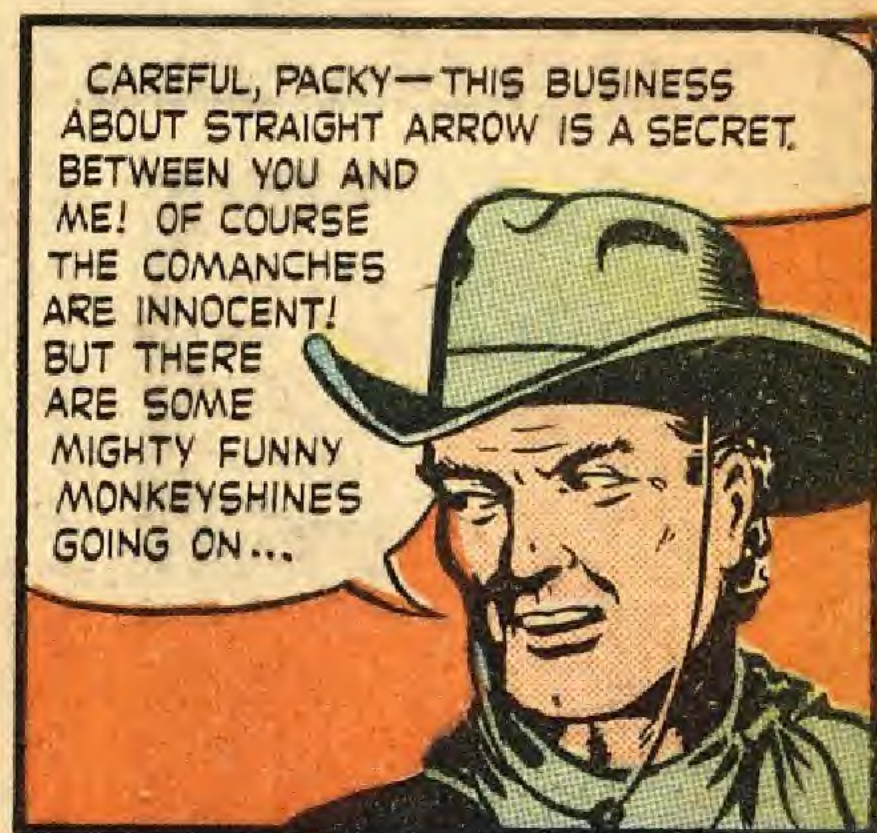
YAHOO!

WHOO!

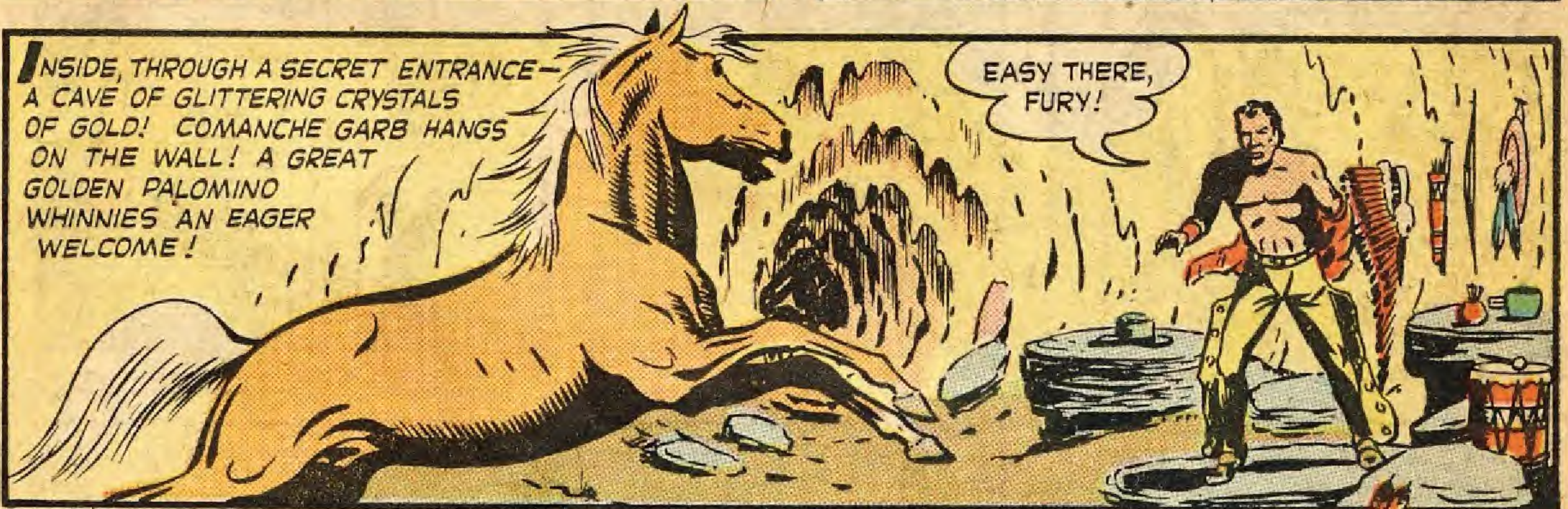
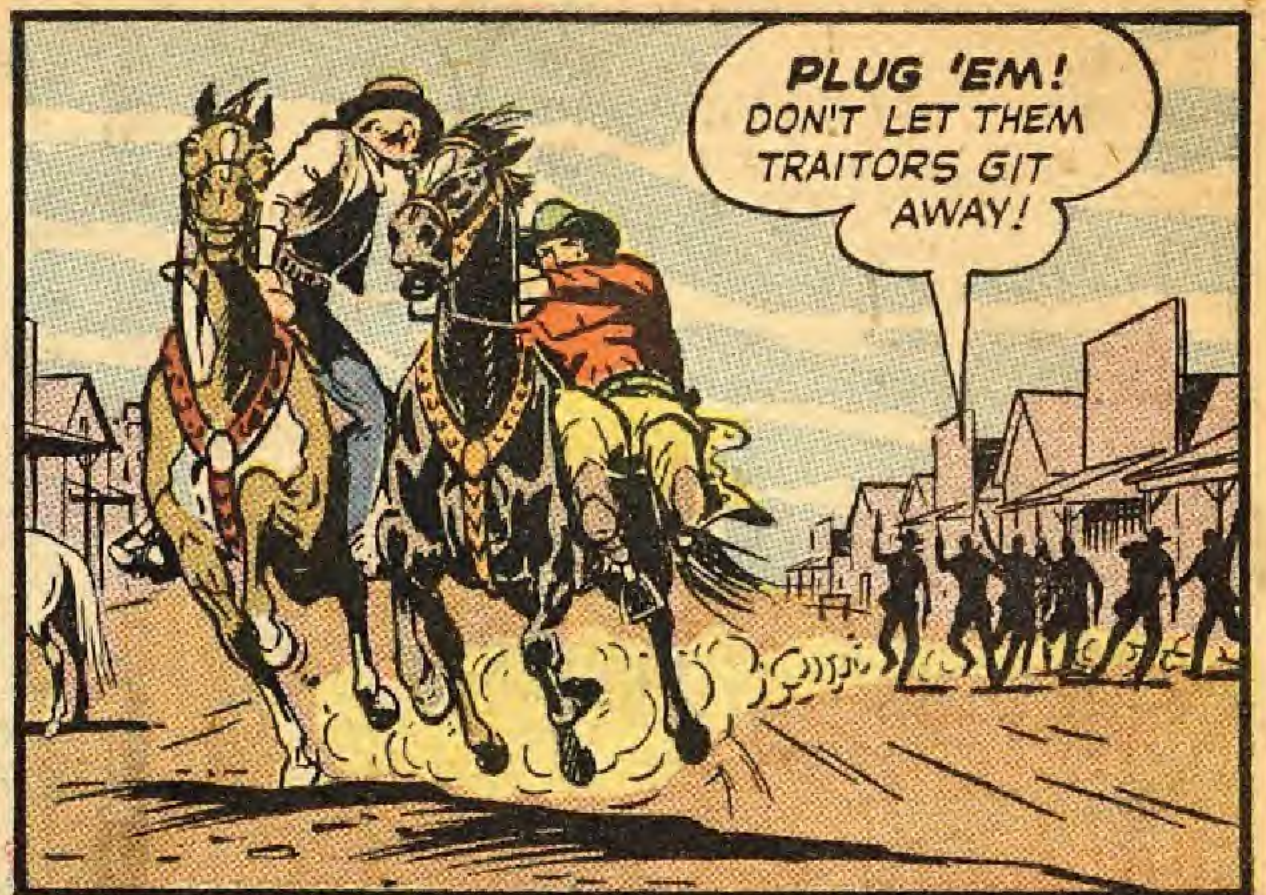


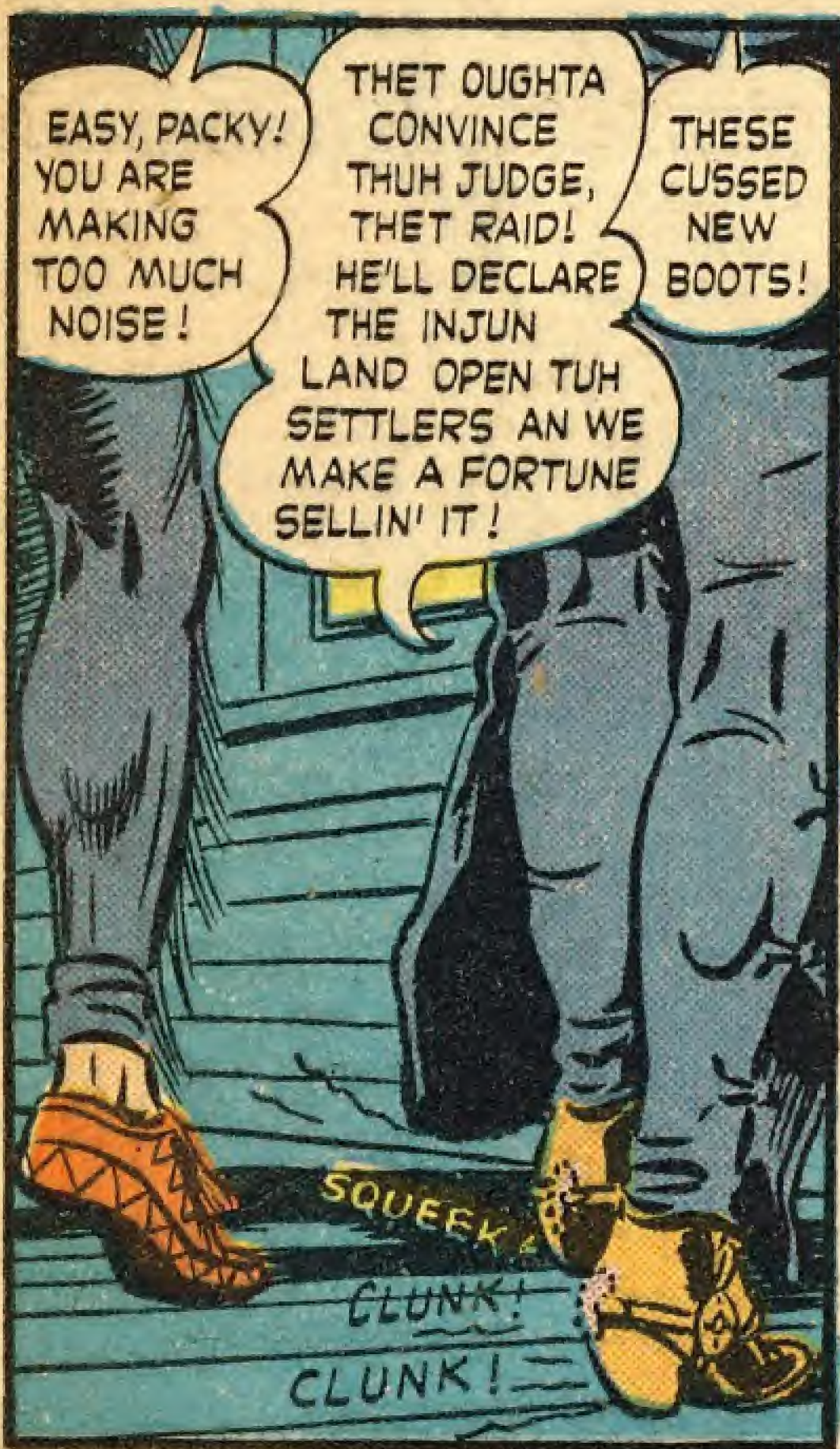
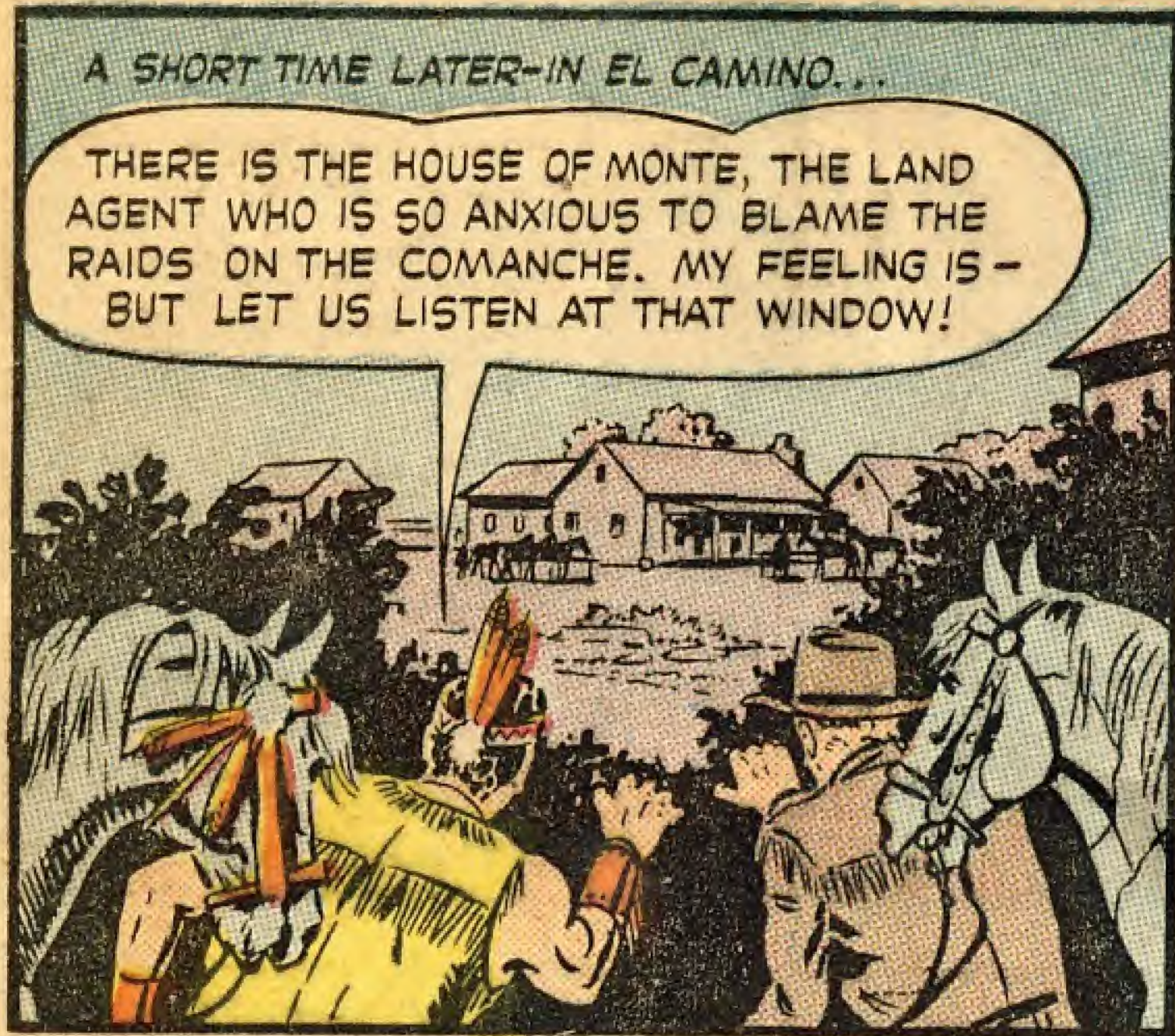
... AND IN THE FLAMING WAKE OF TERROR—
DESTRUCTION AND DEATH!

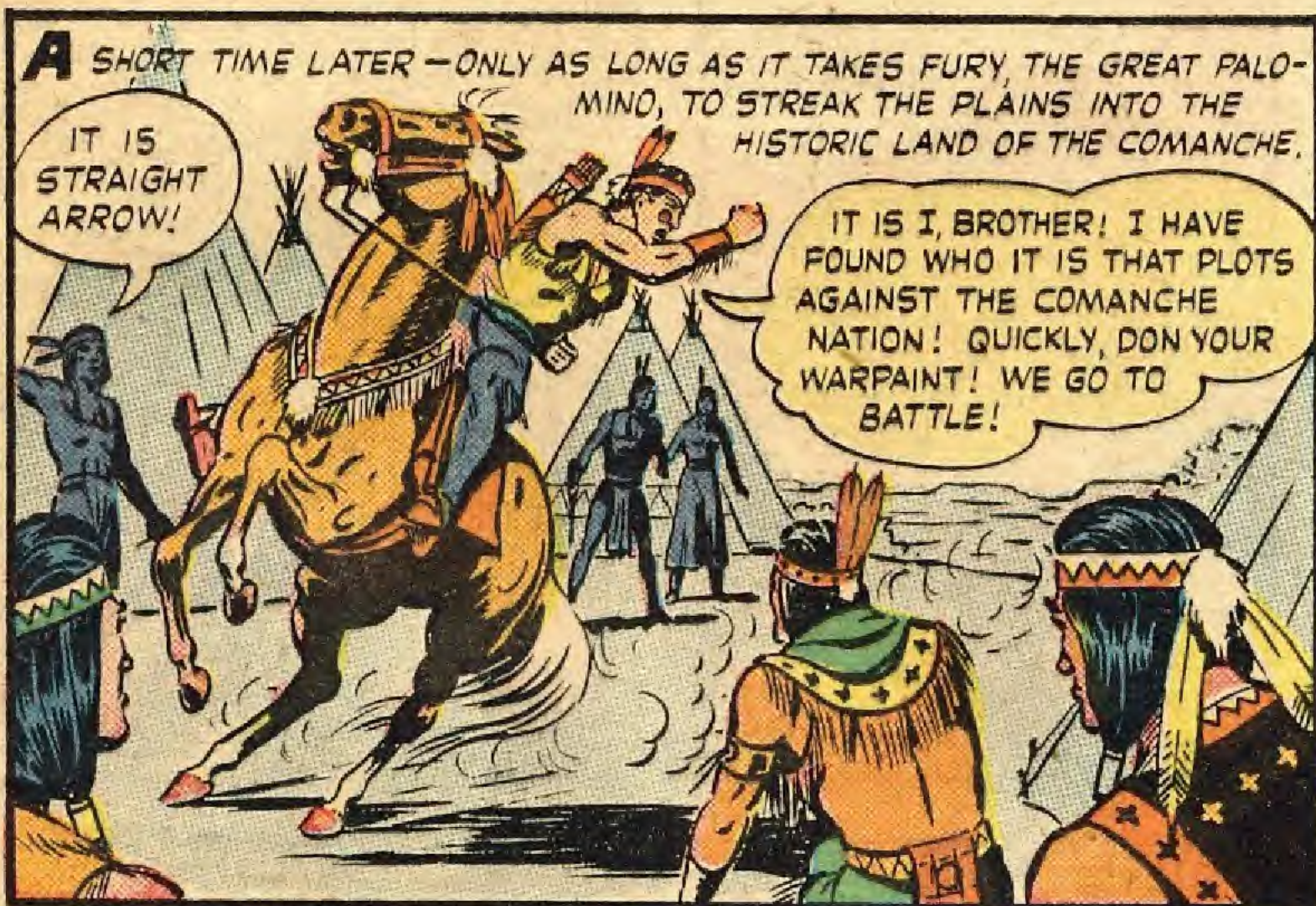


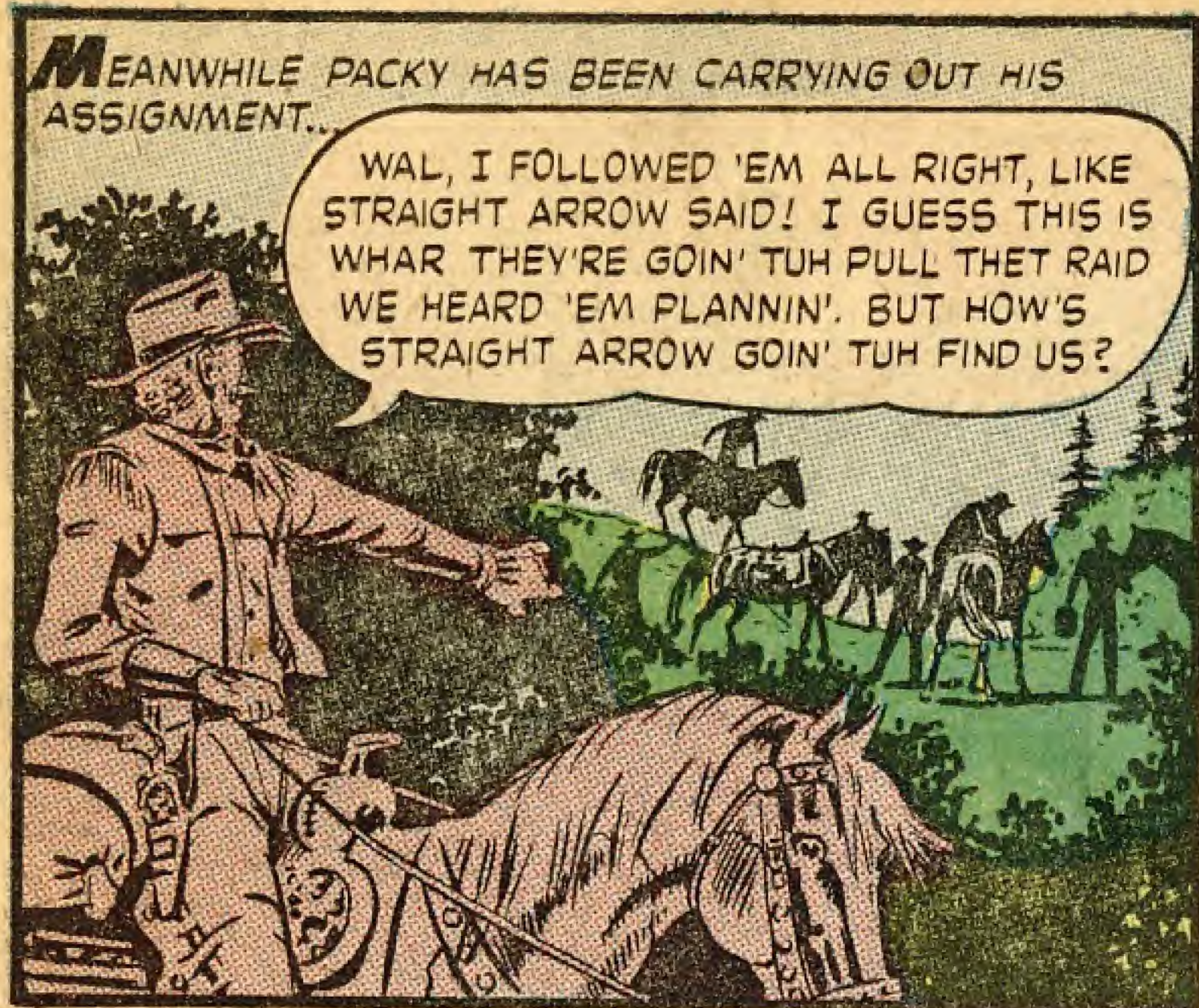


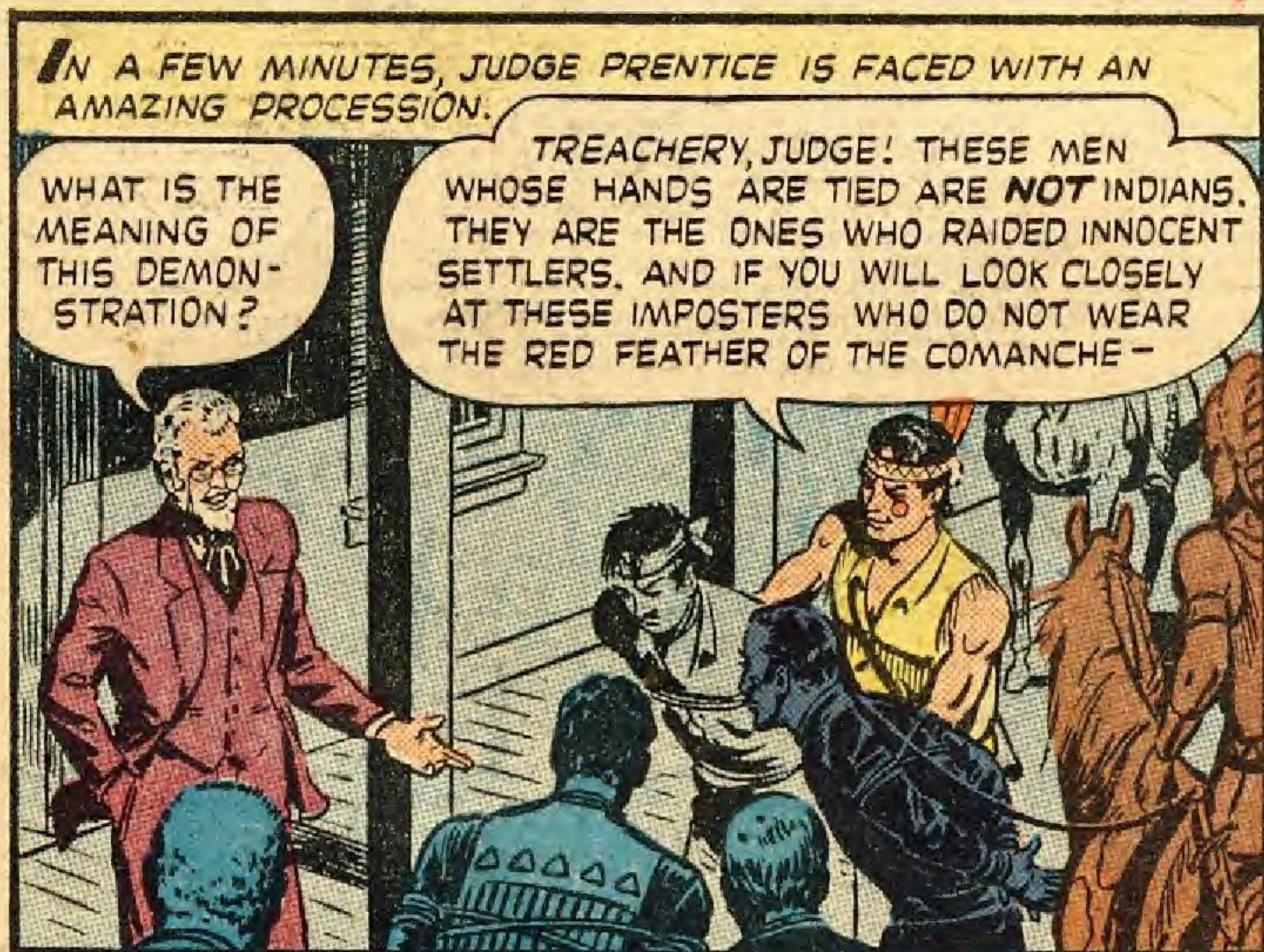














SLOWLY the great herd moved southward. The shaggy beasts were moving down from the howling winds and the sharp, biting snows into the sunny southlands, where the heat was pleasant and the long days could be used for browsing. There were thousands and thousands of buffalo, moving easily and steadily along the mile-wide trail, behind the short, sharp horns of the huge old bull leader.

At the flank of the moving mass ran young Greysides. His legs were strong with muscle, and the mighty hump above his shoulders was already bristling with curly brown hairs. He was but a few months over one year old, yet, with the quick maturity of all wild things, his body was already big and strong. Gone were the wobbly legs and the scrawny neck. Now his mane was much like that of the old bull leader, a dark mat of bristly hair growing all around his curving horns.

In another few years, Greysides would be ready to challenge the bull leader for the leadership of the mighty herd. Now he was just a young buffalo with strength—and not much wisdom.

For Greysides liked to explore. Not the middle of the herd for him, rubbing sides and clicking horns with other buffalo all around him. He chose the flank, where his alert brown eyes could stare out wonderingly at the strange new world unfolding as the herd southered steadily. He saw a snarling bobcat running smoothly away from the thundering thousands; saw an Indian sitting his pony on a distant bluff, watching the herd approach; saw a slinking form that he knew intuitively to be an enemy, though Greysides had never seen a wolf before.

And then—in the midst of that placid, steady running—a screaming ululation lifted

the hackles at the base of Greysides' hump. The young buffalo snorted and increased his pace. A Cheyenne arrow thudded into the buffalo ahead of him. A feathered lance drove deep into another.

The herd was splitting, being divided by screaming, yelling Indians who waved blankets and lances while others charged in and out of the herd, bowstrings twanging.

Perhaps it was that same wanderlust in his soul that made him choose the flank of the herd that now drove Greysides upward from the flat stretch of sageland. He ran furiously, his short legs pistoning with a fury that made them blur with movement. Head down, eyes red with rage, Greysides ran on and on.

The yelling and the sharp arrows that bit and hurt were far behind, now. Greysides snorted and nodded his great head. There was an ache in his right shoulder, and another in his flank. Greysides knew that the things on the horses had made those aches by shooting little thin pieces of wood at him. He was vaguely surprised that anything so small could hurt so much; but being a wild thing, Greysides was used to pain.

The young buffalo lurched against an outcropping of rock. The rubbing of his thick skin against the stone drove one shaft free of his shoulder, and snapped off the other.

Greysides had lost much blood. He was weak. One of the arrows had gone deep. He trotted on, up along a winding trail between two sharp walls of a canyon path. Far behind and below him the Cheyennes were still riding with the fleeing herd, but Greysides had forgotten that. He moved onward, past shale-strewn canyon floors, and out across fields rich with bluebells.

For hours, Greysides ran. Occasionally he browsed, cropping at the grass. Once he

threw up his head warily, sniffing at the breeze that swept by him. There was a *man-smell* in the air!

Greysides thundered off, shaking the earth with his running. When the fierce excitement of his heart lessened, he stepped forward and stared down at a white man clad in buckskin leggings and a fur jacket who was patiently sliding a clamp-trap under some leaves and brush. Greysides watched him warily, not knowing the purpose of the trap, but realizing dimly within him that *man* was a dangerous animal.

Greysides snorted softly. He was weak and tired. He had lost much blood: too much for safety, he knew. The young buffalo turned his head—and froze rigidly.

Standing a hundred feet away, big and tawny in the fading daylight, was a wolf. It was the same wolf Greysides had seen from the flank of the herd, but Greysides did not know that. The wolf stared at Greysides steadily, and then his mouth opened and his red tongue ran out, and it seemed that he was laughing at Greysides.

Kipi-ti, the wolf, was a smart hunter. For years he had roamed the slopes of the Teton, and many a hare and squirrel had fallen to his crunching fangs. Once, long ago, Kipi-ti had tasted buffalo meat. But it had been so long ago, Kipi-ti could not remember its taste; could remember nothing except that it was—good.

Kipi-ti was hungry. The buffalo bull before him was young, not yet as strong and as formidable as he would be someday, if he lived. And the young buffalo bled from flank and shoulder. He was weak. Kipi-ti had followed him for a long time, and Kipi-ti was wise in such things. All he needed to do was trail the young bull, make him run and run, until those short legs buckled, until that hair-protected neck swung weakly—

It would be then that his white fangs would flash! He would leap and cut at those trembling legs, ham-stringing the young bull by severing the tendons of his legs with his teeth. Then, crippled and falling because of his ruined legs, the buffalo would lie helpless as Kipi-ti drove in for the kill!

Greysides grunted through his nostrils as he swung away from the rank wolf-smell. Head down, he raced down the sloping ledge of rock from which he had seen the man-thing set his traps. He tore away from the oncoming wolf, digging huge chunks of dirt with his sharp hooves.

It was close to sundown when Greysides

started his run. The lowering red sun sank further and further, and still the young buffalo ran. Now a faint dusk descended over the land, like a thin veil that presaged the approach of night's blackness.

Kipi-ti ran easily, always fifty to sixty feet behind the bull. He was fresh. Besides, the tired lurching of the young buffalo made his own body seem fresh and eager.

Finally, Greysides stopped running. He turned and lowered his head and his rage-red eyes sought out the big wolf. Greysides lowered his shaggy head so that the new moonlight caught at the curving white horns uprearing from his massive skull. Horns down, Greysides charged!

Kipi-ti leaped aside just as that huge head swiped at his flanks. It was close. The young bull was quicker than Kipi-ti had thought! But the canny old wolf knew Greysides could not last much longer. Soon now, he would stand with legs spread, his head lowered, his breath misting into silvery smoke puffed like gunshots from his flaring nostrils.

Greysides charged a second time. Either he was slower, or old Kipi-ti was more respectful, for he missed him by a foot. Greysides went thundering on, not stopping to turn and charge again. His red eyes told him that the wolf was far more agile than he. His only chance was to outrun him.

Again the young buffalo slammed his hooves at the ground in a steady run. Behind him, racing swiftly but easily, came Kipi-ti, red tongue lolling out as if laughing at Greysides' attempts to escape.

He was near exhaustion, now. He staggered and lurched crazily. But Greysides was moving past the stone ledge, beneath it, and he knew the wolf was following—

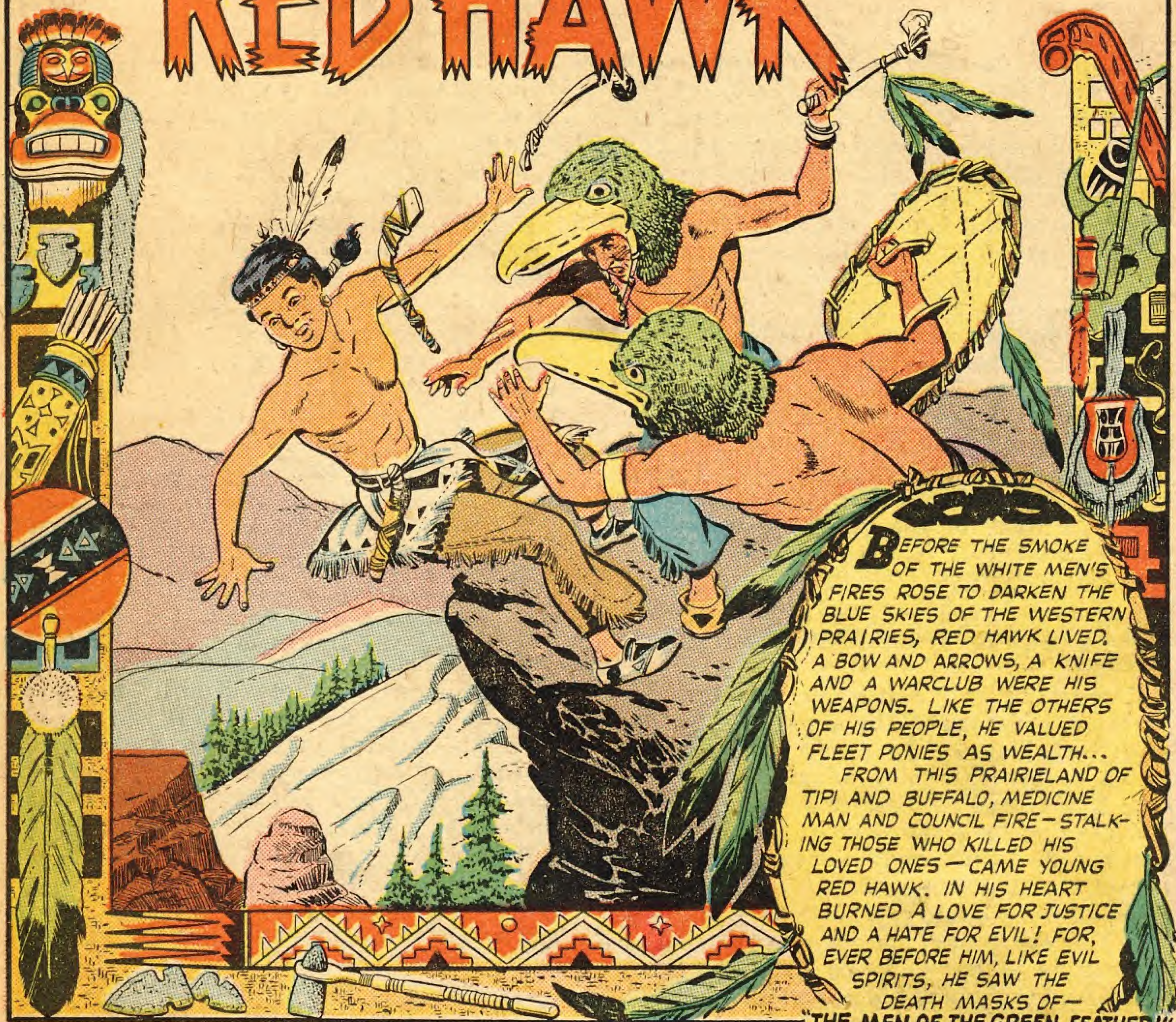
Tiiiiinggg!

That was the clamp-trap snapping shut on Kipi-ti's forefoot! The night air shivered to the raging snarl in the old wolf's throat. Greysides swung about and stood, head lowered, nostrils belching misty air. He was exhausted. He could not have run any more. But the memory of the man-thing and of the thing he had hidden in the brush had been strong. And Greysides had seen the fur coats such as Kipi-ti wore in the bag at the man's side. It had been a gamble, but Greysides had won. He would grow strong again, and overtake the herd.

Greysides moved off through the night, while behind him Kipi-ti crouched low and bit at the trap, and waited the coming of morning—and man. . . .

THE END

RED HAWK

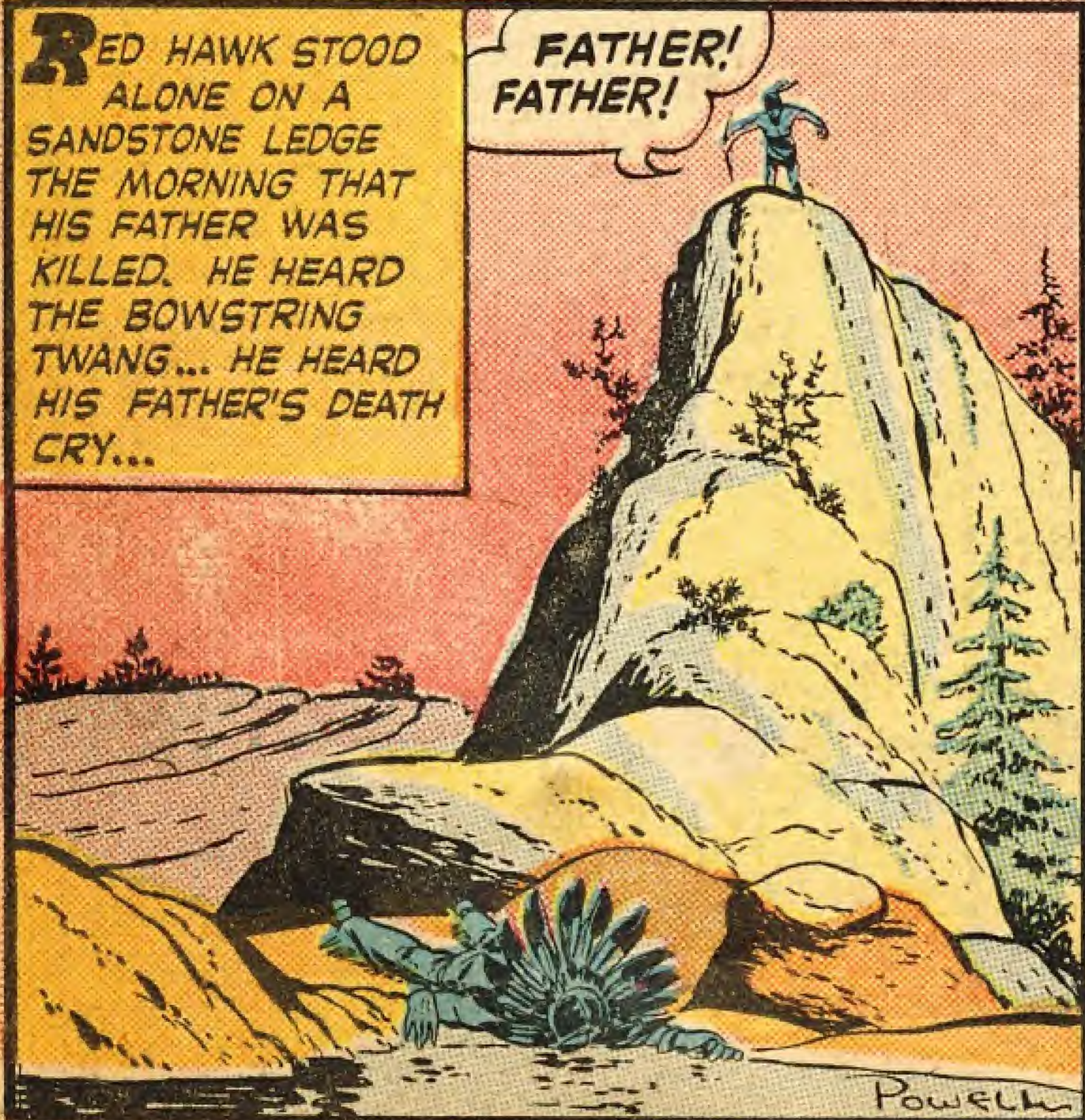


BEFORE THE SMOKE OF THE WHITE MEN'S FIRES ROSE TO DARKEN THE BLUE SKIES OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES, RED HAWK LIVED. A BOW AND ARROWS, A KNIFE AND A WARCLUB WERE HIS WEAPONS. LIKE THE OTHERS OF HIS PEOPLE, HE VALUED FLEET PONIES AS WEALTH...

FROM THIS PRAIRIELAND OF TIPI AND BUFFALO, MEDICINE MAN AND COUNCIL FIRE—STALKING THOSE WHO KILLED HIS LOVED ONES—CAME YOUNG RED HAWK. IN HIS HEART BURNED A LOVE FOR JUSTICE AND A HATE FOR EVIL! FOR, EVER BEFORE HIM, LIKE EVIL SPIRITS, HE SAW THE DEATH MASKS OF—
"THE MEN OF THE GREEN FEATHER!"

RED HAWK STOOD ALONE ON A SANDSTONE LEDGE THE MORNING THAT HIS FATHER WAS KILLED. HE HEARD THE BOWSTRING TWANG... HE HEARD HIS FATHER'S DEATH CRY...

FATHER!
FATHER!



Powell

CRAZILY, HE THREW HIMSELF DOWNWARD! ONLY HIS STRONG HANDS CLINGING TO SHRUB ROOTS AND STUMPS, SAVED HIS LIFE...! AND EVER HE HURTLER DOWNWARD, LIKE A STONE FALLING...

MY FATHER IS A CHIEF. HE IS POWERFUL! MANY HATE HIM, FOR HE HATES THOSE WHO MAKE THE CHEYENNE WEAK! I ONLY HOPE HE STILL LIVES!





DEAD! AND NOTHING TO TELL WHO KILLED HIM — BUT — THE FEATHER OF AN EAGLE — STAINED A BRILLIANT **GREEN!**



I WILL NOT FORGET, FATHER!

HIS FACE A STOIC MASK AGAINST THE GRIEF WITHIN HIM, RED HAWK BORE HIS FATHER BACK TOWARD THE BUFFALO-HIDE TIPIS OF THE CHEYENNE PEOPLE...



AS MORDO, THE SHAMAN, GRINNED WITH FURY, RED HAWK KNELT BEFORE THE TIPI OF CHIEF WHITE BULL, A GREEN FEATHER IN HIS PALM...

THE MAN WHO KILLED RAVEN WING WORE THIS FEATHER!

THE YOUTH LIES! I HAVE DREAMED A DREAM!



IN MY DREAM I SAW A GREEN FEATHER SUCH AS THIS! IT CAME AND TOOK YOU AWAY, MIGHTY WHITE BULL! SEND AWAY THIS YOUTH! LET HIM AND HIS FAMILY BE PUT AWAY BEFORE HE CAUSES **YOUR** DEATH!



WHITE BULL WAS A BRAVE MAN IN BATTLE. BUT SUPERSTITION RODE HIS BROAD SHOULDERS, AND WHAT HIS MEDICINE MAN SAID — HE **DID!**

BE IT SO! PUT AWAY RED HAWK, HIS MOTHER AND HIS SISTER!

BUT....!

TO BE "PUT AWAY" MEANT THAT THE LODGE OF RAVEN WING WOULD BE PLACED AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE — WHERE AN ENEMY ATTACK WOULD STRIKE FIRST. RED HAWK, HIS MOTHER AND SISTER WOULD BECOME OUTCASTS. NO MAN COULD FEED THEM, NO HAND BE LIFTED TO AID THEM IF THEY WERE SICK. THEY LIVED, YET THEY WERE TO BE CONSIDERED — **DEAD!**



AS HIS MOTHER, RED DOE, COVERED HER HEAD WITH ASHES, RED HAWK SWORE A MIGHTY OATH!

I SWEAR BY THE LODGEPOLE OF MY FATHERS! — I WILL NOT REST UNTIL I HAVE SOLVED THE EVIL MYSTERY OF THE GREEN FEATHER!

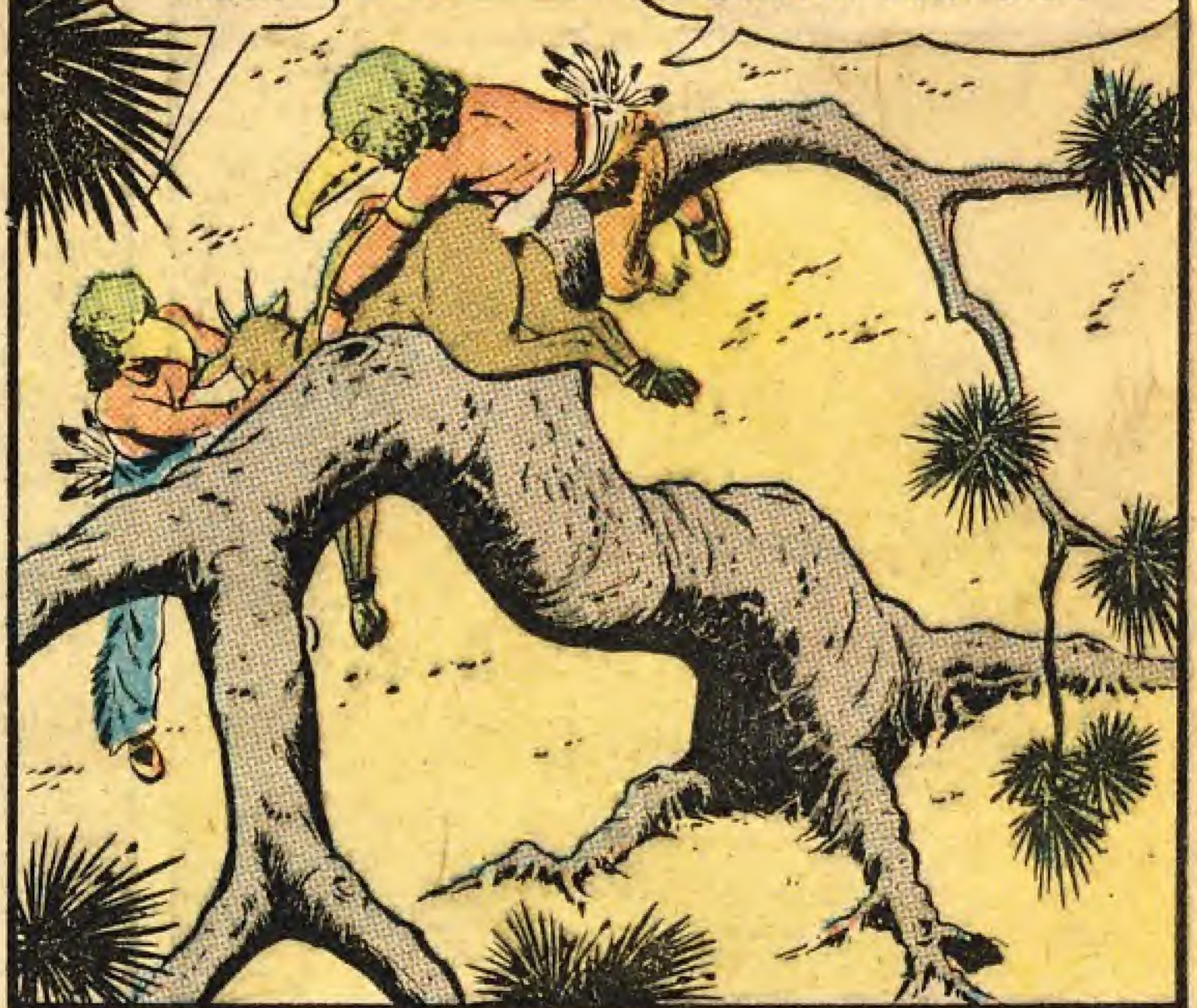
ALWAYS AT HIS BACK WERE THE WHISPERED WORDS OF MORDO. EVEN AS HE TROD THE TIMBER BELT FOR ANTELOPE, THE WORDS FOLLOWED...

FOLLOW HIM! IF HE KILLS FOR FOOD TAKE HIS KILL FROM HIM! LET HIM ONLY DRINK WATER AND EAT BREAD BAKED IN ASHES!



OUR FAMILIES WILL EAT WELL ON RED HAWK'S KILL!

AI! THE HAWK AND HIS FAMILY WILL SOON STARVE AND DIE!

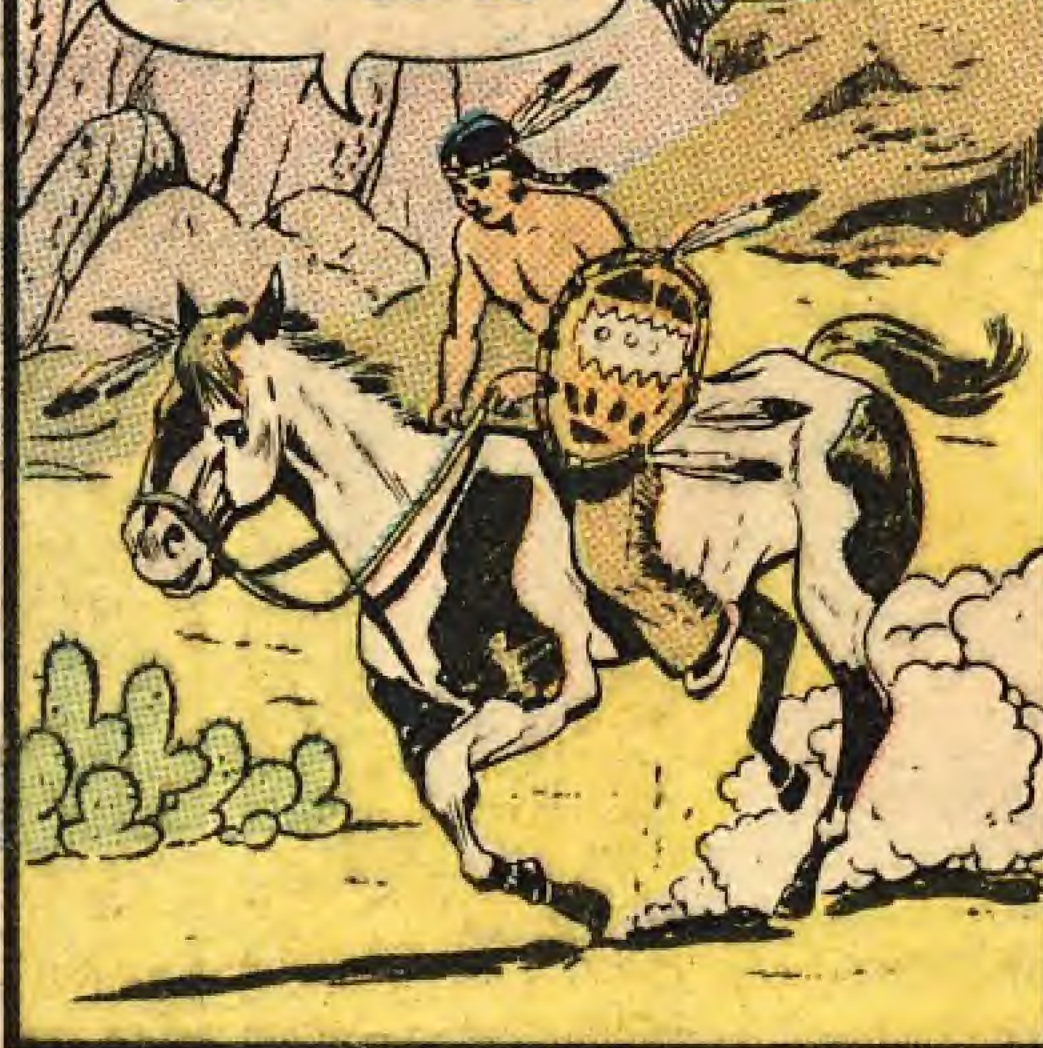


HIS BOWS WERE BROKEN AND HIS ARROWS SHATTERED...

NOW, THIS IS A STRANGE THING. MEN DO NOT ACT THIS WAY TOWARD ONE ANOTHER EXCEPT FOR FEAR!



WHY SHOULD MORDO FEAR ME? IS IT BECAUSE OF THE GREEN FEATHER? MAYBE I WOULD DO WELL TO FOLLOW MORDO ON THOSE JOURNEYS HE MAKES AWAY FROM THE TIPIS OF OUR PEOPLE!



AND SO, ONE DAY...

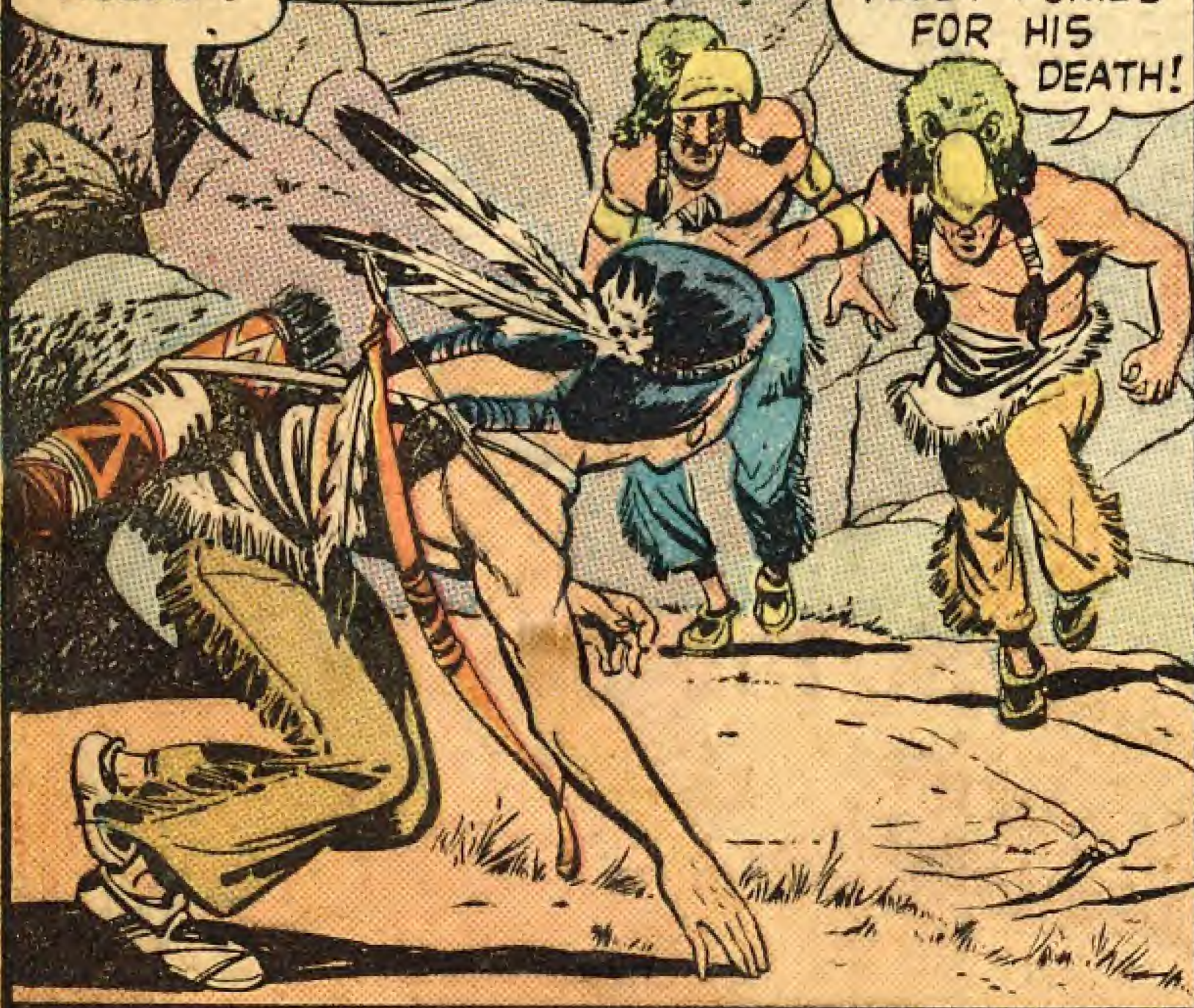
MORDO MEETS WITH MEN WHO LOOK LIKE BIRDS! I CAN JUST MAKE OUT THEIR WORDS... AND THEY TALK OF THE DEATH OF WHITE BULL!



I WAS SO INTERESTED I LET MY EARS FALL ASLEEP!

IT IS YOUNG RED HAWK!

MORDO HAS PROMISED TWO FLEET PONIES FOR HIS DEATH!



POWERFUL HANDS CAUGHT RED HAWK! LIFTED HIM AND THREW HIM BACKWARDS!

CAN'T STOP MYSELF! GOING TO GO OVER THE EDGE - FALL A THOUSAND FEET - TO ROCKS!

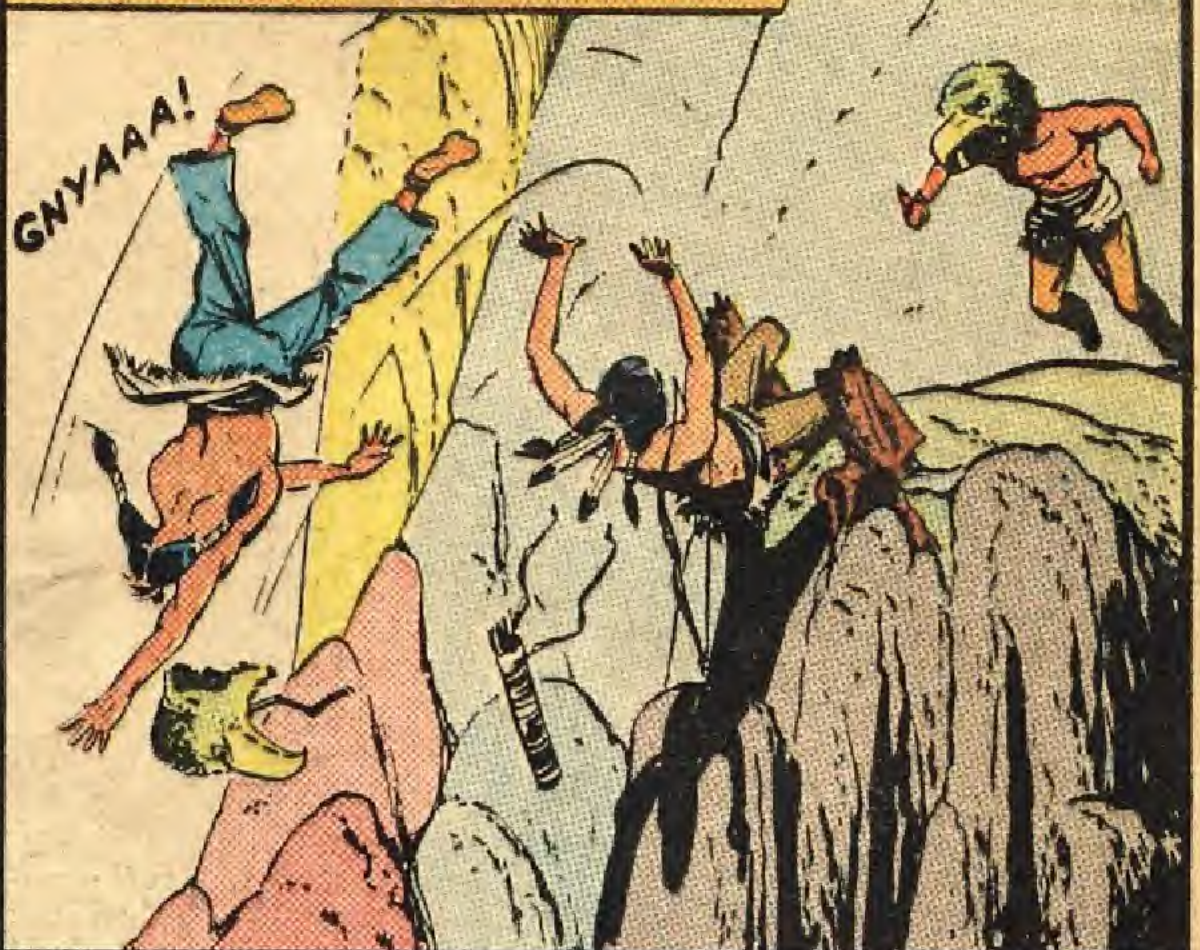


BACK FELL RED HAWK UNTIL HIS BODY WAS ABOVE THE EMPTINESS OF THE CANYON! BE-NEATH HIM THERE WAS ONLY DEATH!

GOT TO... STOP HIM!



AND THEN HIS KNEES HOOKED ON TWO STUMPS—CLUNG WITH STEEL-THEWED MUSCLES! OVER HIS HEAD ONE WARRIOR PLUNGED—



YOU DIE!

NOT—YET!



DIE YOURSELF, EAGLE MAN!

AIEEEE!



IN THE COLD GREY LIGHT OF DAWN, A FURIOUS WHITE BULL RAGES AT MORDO, THE MEDICINE MAN..

THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE HORSE HERD OF CHIEF WHITE BULL...

Hii-AAAA! RUN, BROTHERS OF THE WIND! RUN!



WHEN WHITE BULL LEARNS HIS PONIES HAVE BEEN STOLEN...AND SEES THE GREEN EAGLE FEATHER—HE WILL GUESS THAT THE FEATHER IS A SIGN OF THE GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY!



DID YOU DREAM OF **THIS** GREEN FEATHER, TOO, MORDO? MY PONIES WERE STOLEN! THE FEATHER WAS LEFT BEHIND! IT IS A RASH MAN WHO THUS AROUSES MY ANGER!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, AS WHITE BULL RIDES ALONE THROUGH THE FILES OF ANTELOPE PASS...

AI! THERE IS A GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY! AND THEY SEEK—MY DEATH!

WHITE BULL SAW ME! BUT HE KNEW ME ONLY AS A MAN WITH AN EAGLE MASK! NOW HE WILL WORRY—AND HE WILL LISTEN TO RED HAWK!

NEXT DAY, ON THE TRAIL...

WHAT DOES RED HAWK WANT OF HIS CHIEF? YOU HAVE BEEN PUT AWAY?

YET I STILL LIVE, WHITE BULL! BUT **YOU** WILL NOT BE ALIVE, MANY MOONS FROM NOW!

YOU DARE! I...

THE GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY KILLED MY FATHER, WHITE BULL. THEY FEARED HIM, FOR HE WAS A GREAT WAR CHIEF. NOW THEY SEEK TO KILL YOU TOO. THEN **MORDO** WILL BECOME CHIEF!

THAT NIGHT, AS A CHILL WIND MOVED DOWN THROUGH THE PINONS OF THE TETONS...

IF YOU LIE, RED HAWK—!

I DO NOT LIE! LOOK BELOW—AT THAT FIRE—AT THE MEN AROUND IT...!

THE CHIEF, WHITE BULL, SUSPECTS! SOMEONE RAN OFF HIS PONIES, AND LEFT A GREEN FEATHER, —THE EMBLEM OF OUR SOCIETY! ONE OF US IN AN EAGLE MASK SHOT AT HIM. WHO DID IT?

NOT I! NOR I!

WHITE BULL MUST DIE! BEFORE TOMORROW'S SUN LOWERS OVER THE HORIZON... OUR CLUBS SHALL BATTER HIM TO DEATH! AND THEN—**MORDO** SHALL BE CHIEF OF THE CHEYENNE PEOPLE!

ALL NIGHT LONG, RED HAWK RODE WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND. AN HOUR AFTER DAWN, HE ENTERED THE VILLAGE OF THE CHEYENNES, WITH A FILE OF WAR-PAINTED ARAPAHOS BEHIND HIM...

WHY DO YOU COME WITH OUR FRIENDS, THE ARAPAHOS, RED HAWK? AND WHY ARE THEIR FACES PAINTED FOR WAR?

BECAUSE THERE ARE EVIL CHEYENNES WHO PLOT AGAINST YOU, WHITE BULL — AND MORDO IS THEIR LEADER!



WITH A HOARSE CRY OF INSANE RAGE, MORDO RAISED HIS SCALP-ING KNIFE —

ATTACK, BROTHER ARAPAHOS! SEIZE THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE!

YOU—!!



YOUR EVIL IS ENDED, MORDO! WHITE BULL KNOWS THE TRUTH!

I SHOULD HAVE GONE MYSELF... TO KILL YOU... HAWK!



RED HAWK RISES FROM THE LIFELESS BODY OF MORDO, THE MEDICINE MAN, AS ARAPAHO WARCLUBS AND LANCES HERD THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE BEFORE THEIR CHIEF...

HE FELL — ON HIS OWN KNIFE!

HEAR ME, MEN OF THE CHEYENNE NATION! THERE ARE TRAITORS WHO DWELL IN THE TIPIS OF OUR PEOPLE!



RED HAWK OPENED MY EYES. HE LED ME TO THE COUNCIL FIRE OF THOSE WHO PLOTTED AGAINST ME! EVEN NOW OUR FRIENDS, THE ARAPAHOS, GO AMONG THE TIPIS — HUNTING FOR THE GREEN FEATHER AND THE EAGLE MASKS! ALL WHO HAVE THEM HIDDEN IN THEIR LODGES — DIE!



FIFTEEN MEN WERE TAKEN BY THE ARAPAHOS TO MEET THEIR FATE THAT AFTERNOON. AND WHEN THEY RODE OUT, ANOTHER RODE IN...

COME, MOTHER. NO LONGER ARE WE TO BE PUT AWAY. INSTEAD...



INSTEAD, LET RED HAWK SHARE THE PLACE OF HONOR, WITH HIS TIPI BESIDE THAT OF WHITE BULL! NO LONGER SHALL RED HAWK BE OUTCAST — INSTEAD I NAME HIM — WAR CHIEF OF THE TRIBE!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF YOUNG RED HAWK AS HE RIDES THE TRAILS OF THE EARLY WEST IN...

STRAIGHT-ARROW

STRAIGHT ARROW

IN "THE DEATH MOCCASIN!"

THE SHRILL COMANCHE WARWHOOB BURSTS ON THE STILL NIGHT AIR ABOUT FORT DANGER WITH THE EFFECT OF A BOMBSHELL! A RED BLANKET SNAPS THE WIND! A QUIRT LASHES OUT SAVAGELY! SECONDS LATER THE GREAT HORSE HERD IN THE SMASHED CORRAL OF THE FORT MOVES LIKE WIND IN A MAD STAMPEDE...



MOUNTED CAVALRYMEN JAB IN SPURS! A BUGLE'S CLEAR NOTES BLAST THE MOONLIGHT...! A FORT DANGER TROOP IS ORDERED TO PURSUE THE STOLEN REMOUNT HERD.

TROOP A—
FORWARD!
AT THE
GALLOP!

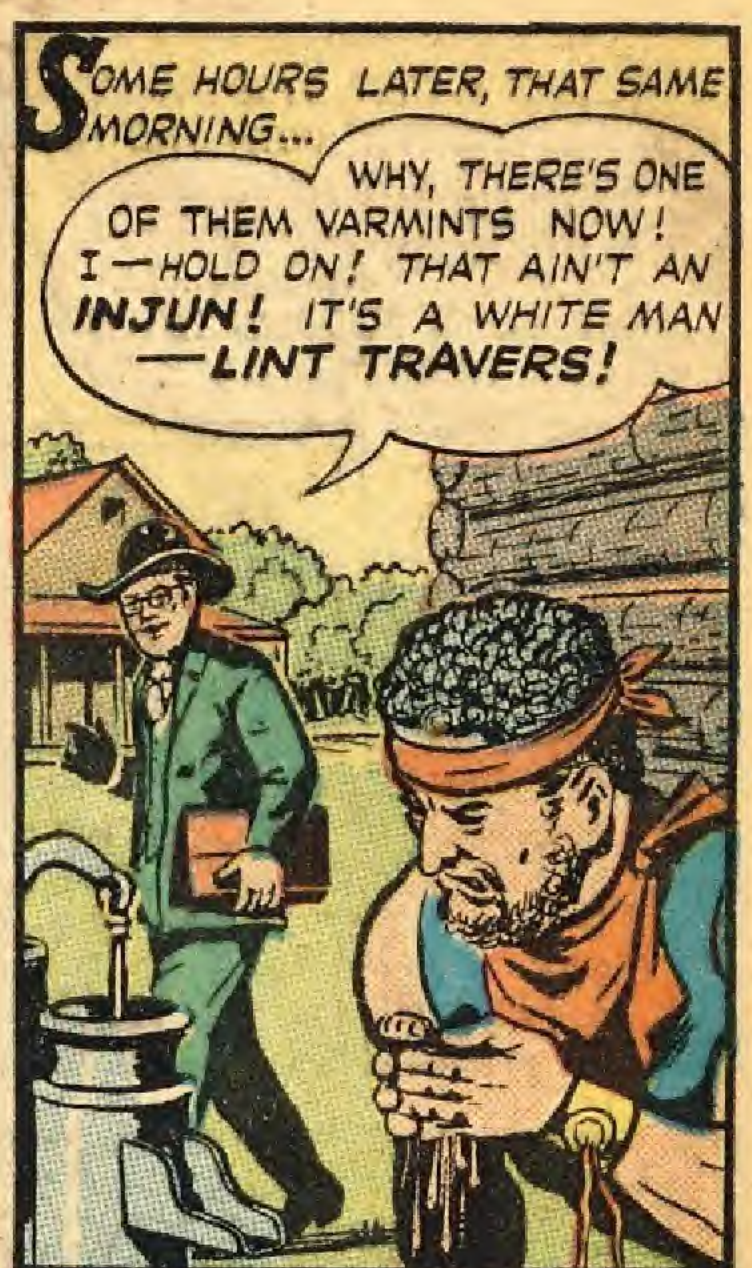


BUT WHO CAN FOLLOW A COMANCHE IN THE DARK? WHO CAN TRAIL THE WIND ACROSS THE DESERT? TOWARD MORNING, INDIAN AGENT JOHN MUTRIN GROWLS AT STEVE ADAMS, YOUNG OWNER OF THE BROKEN BOW RANCH...

'T ISN'T AS IF I
HAVEN'T HUMORED
'EM, STEVE. I'VE
DONE EVERYTHING
I COULD FER THEM
REDSKINS !!

AND THEY APPRECIATE IT,
SIR. BELIEVE ME! WHY,
THEY'VE EVEN SENT YOU
PRESENTS. THAT'S
ONE YOU HAVE
RIGHT NOW!





HOURS LATER, THE STREETS OF AGUA BLANCO ARE BRIGHT WITH THE BEAM OF KEROSENE LAMPS AS STEVE ADAMS SWINGS DOWN FROM THE SADDLE...

RECKON I'LL GRAB SOME FOOD IN TOWN BEFORE HEADING BACK TO -HUH?

'SCUSE ME, PARDNER. DIDN'T SEE YOU IN THIS DARKNESS!

AND THEN, SHROUDED BY THE ENVELOPING BLACKNESS OF THE UNLIGHTED STABLE, LINT TRAVIS MAKES A LIGHTNING DRAW...

AND IT'S BETTER IF YUH DON'T SEE -ME! MY HORSE IS PLENTY LATHERED. I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW I RODE IN FROM THE RIDING POST TODAY...

UGGGH!

SLIPPING FROM THE STABLE, LINT TRAVIS QUICKLY FINDS A HOODLUM FRIEND...

COME ALONG, CLIFF. YUH GOT TO SAY I BEEN DRINKIN' WITH YUH ALL DAY. COME INSIDE... I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YUH...

WHATEVER YUH SAY, LINT. I'D SWEAR TO ANYTHING -FER THE RIGHT PRICE!

SALOON

DAZED AND HELPLESS, STEVE LIES IN THE DARKNESS UNTIL...

BY CACTUS! STEVE!

PACKY! WHEW... THAT WAS CLOSE! ANOTHER INCH AND I WOULDN'T BE TALKING! BUT... WHY'D HE SHOOT? WHY WAS HE... AFRAID OF ME? PACKY - MAYBE I OUGHTN'T BE TALKING. MAYBE I OUGHT TO **PLAY DEAD** - UNTIL I LEARN THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION!

HIDDEN IN SUNDOWN VALLEY IS A MIGHTY CAVE. WITHIN IT ARE COMANCHE BOW AND GOLDEN ARROWS, SOFT ELK-SKIN LEGGINS AND A GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO...

LINT'S HORSE WAS LATHERED - HE'D RUN A LONG WAY. AND JUST BEFORE I BLACKED OUT FROM THAT BULLET CREASE, I HEARD HIM SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE TRADING POST!

AS **STRAIGHT ARROW**, I CAN COME AND GO WITHOUT LETTING TRAVIS KNOW HE DIDN'T KILL STEVE ADAMS. SO I'M FREE TO GO TO THE TRADING POST TO SEE WHAT TRAVIS WAS RUNNING FROM!

KANEEWAH, FURY-KANEEWAH!



HOURS LATER, AT THE LONELY AND DESERTED INDIAN TRADING POST...

MUTRIN!
DEAD!



NOT DEAD! BAD WOUNDED! TRAVIS STABBED ME! I SAW HIM—WASHIN' OFF WAR PAINT. PRETENDIN' TO BE—INJUN! HE'S RUNNIN' A GANG OF HOSS THIEVES...



BURDENED BY A DOUBLE WEIGHT, THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION MOVES SMOOTHLY ACROSS THE PLAINS HOUR AFTER HOUR, UNTIL, TOWARD SUNSET...

I SHALL LEAVE MUTRIN IN YOUR COMANCHE VILLAGE, LAUGHING HORSE. HERE HE WILL BE SAFE FROM TRAVIS!

I WILL CARE FOR HIM, STRAIGHT ARROW!



THE NEXT DAY....

I TELL YUH I HEARD MUTRIN ARGUIN' WITH SOME COMANCHES, SHERIFF. LOOK—BLOOD ON THE GROUND!

RECKON YUH'RE RIGHT, LINT. DOGGONE! I ALWAYS THOUGHT MUTRIN WAS FRIENDLY WITH THE REDSKINS!



MEBBE THIS'LL CONVINCE YUH! A COMANCHE **DEATH MOCCASIN** BEADED ON THE SOLE!

HMMM! LOOKS LIKE THEY BEEN GUNNIN' FER MUTRIN—QUITE A SPELL! RECKON I'LL FORM A POSSE AN' RIDE TO THE COMANCHE VILLAGE!



YUH THINK YUH CONVINCED HIM, EH, LINT?

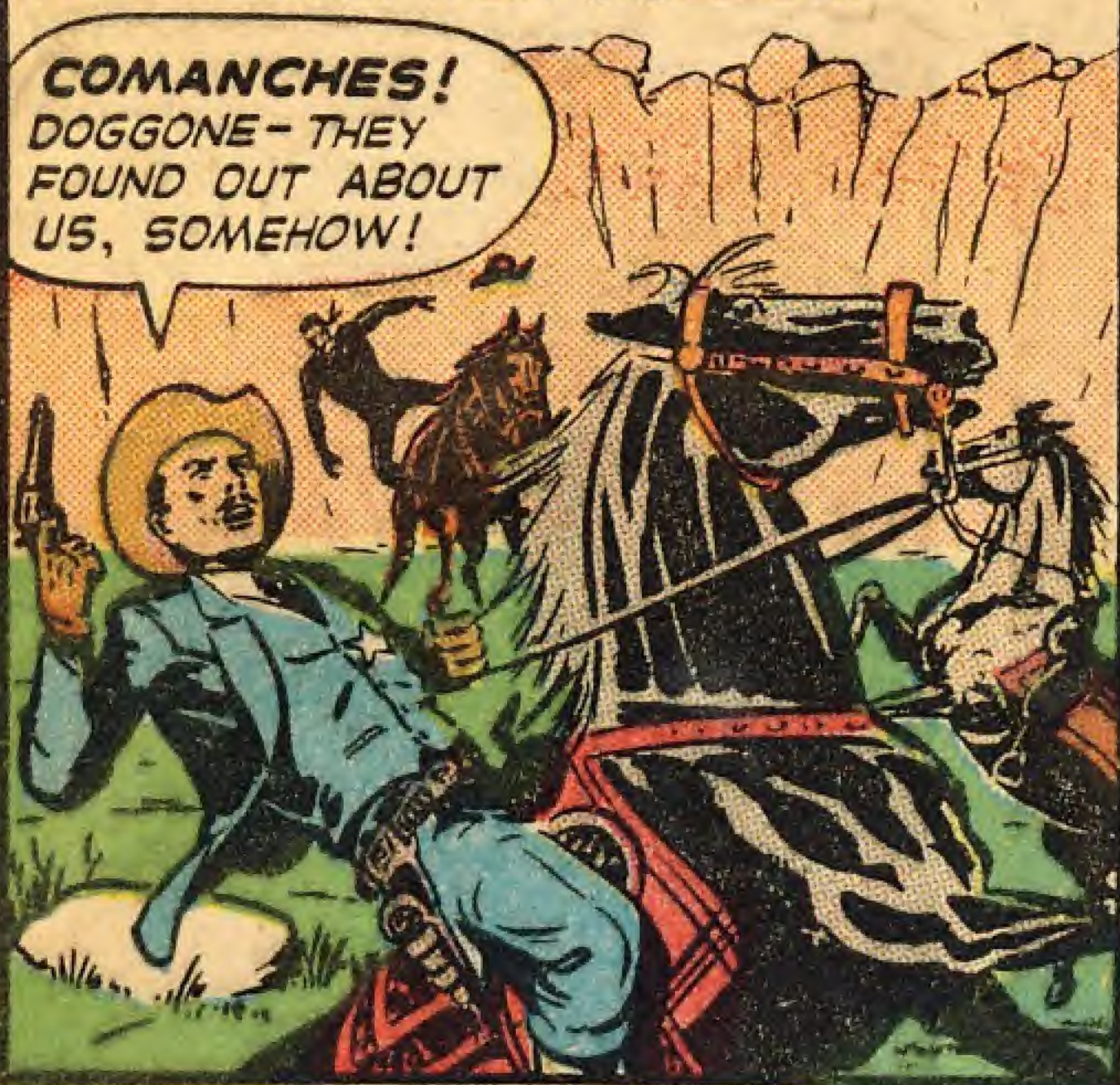
I AIN'T STOPPIN' AT TALK! WE'RE GOIN' TO GIVE THE SHERIFF A REAL LIVE DEMONSTRATION!



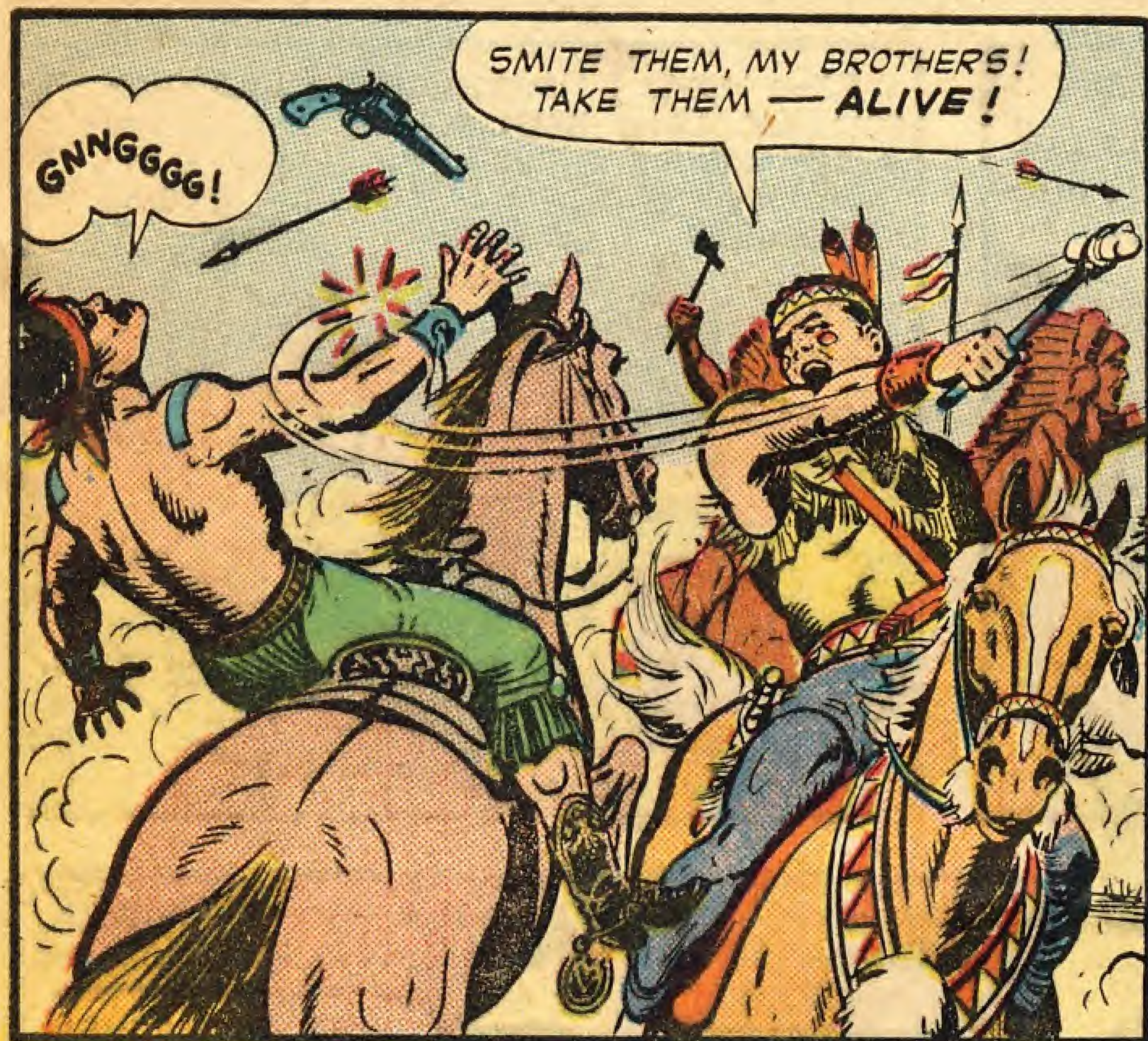
SOME HOURS AFTERWARD, AS THE SHERIFF'S POSSE RIDES HARD TOWARD LAUGHING HORSE'S VILLAGE...

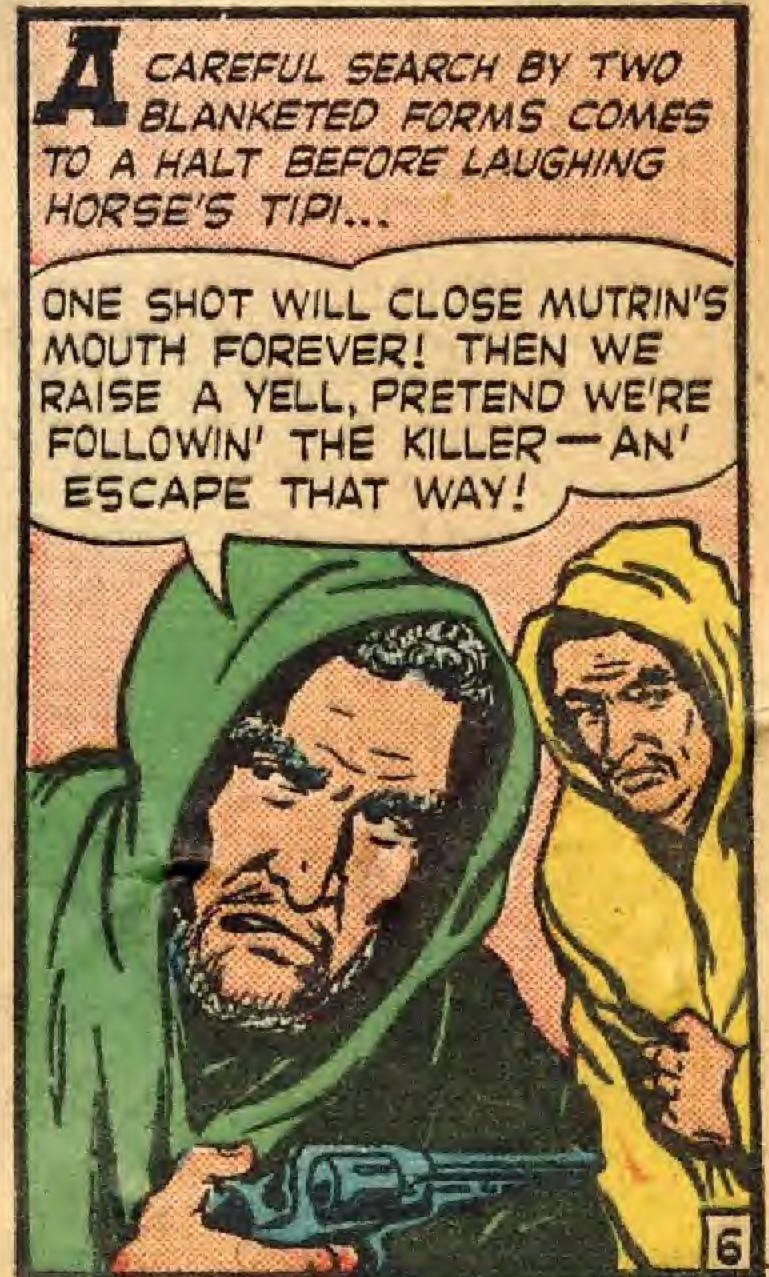
HERE THEY COME! REMEMBER, MEN—MAKE THIS LOOK GOOD!

A RAGGED VOLLEY BLASTS FROM THE SHELTER OF THE VOLCANIC ROCKS. MEN TUMBLE FROM THEIR SADDLES...



A ND THEN — WILD AND EERIE — THE COMANCHE WARCRY ULULATES IN THE HOT WIND...







STRAIGHT-ARROW

PROPER CAMP

Select a site near fresh water.

Place your tepee or tent on a slight down hill grade.

Place your arms rack near where you sleep.

Dig a ditch around your tepee so that rain water will not run through your bed.

Properly secure, feed and blanket your mount...

Hang your grub in a bag on a post or tree limb away from ants and prowling animals.

Make a brush broom. Keep it handy, and dip it in water to quickly brush out a spreading fire.

Build your fire on firm soil...first brush away all dry leaves, twigs, etc.

INDIAN OVEN

INDIAN COOLER

Keep filled water pail handy

FRESH WATER STREAM

Stack your firewood

Keep your string of cleaned fish under fresh water...securely tied and protected.



EXCITING NEWS FOR EVERY LIVE-WIRE BOY AND GIRL!

STRAIGHT ARROW

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**TEACHES YOU ALL THE INDIAN WISDOM AND SKILLS—
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ship! • Secrets of archery!

Animal tracks! • How to
teach your pet tricks!
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covers of this book for examples
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of POWER
from Niagara Falls**



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